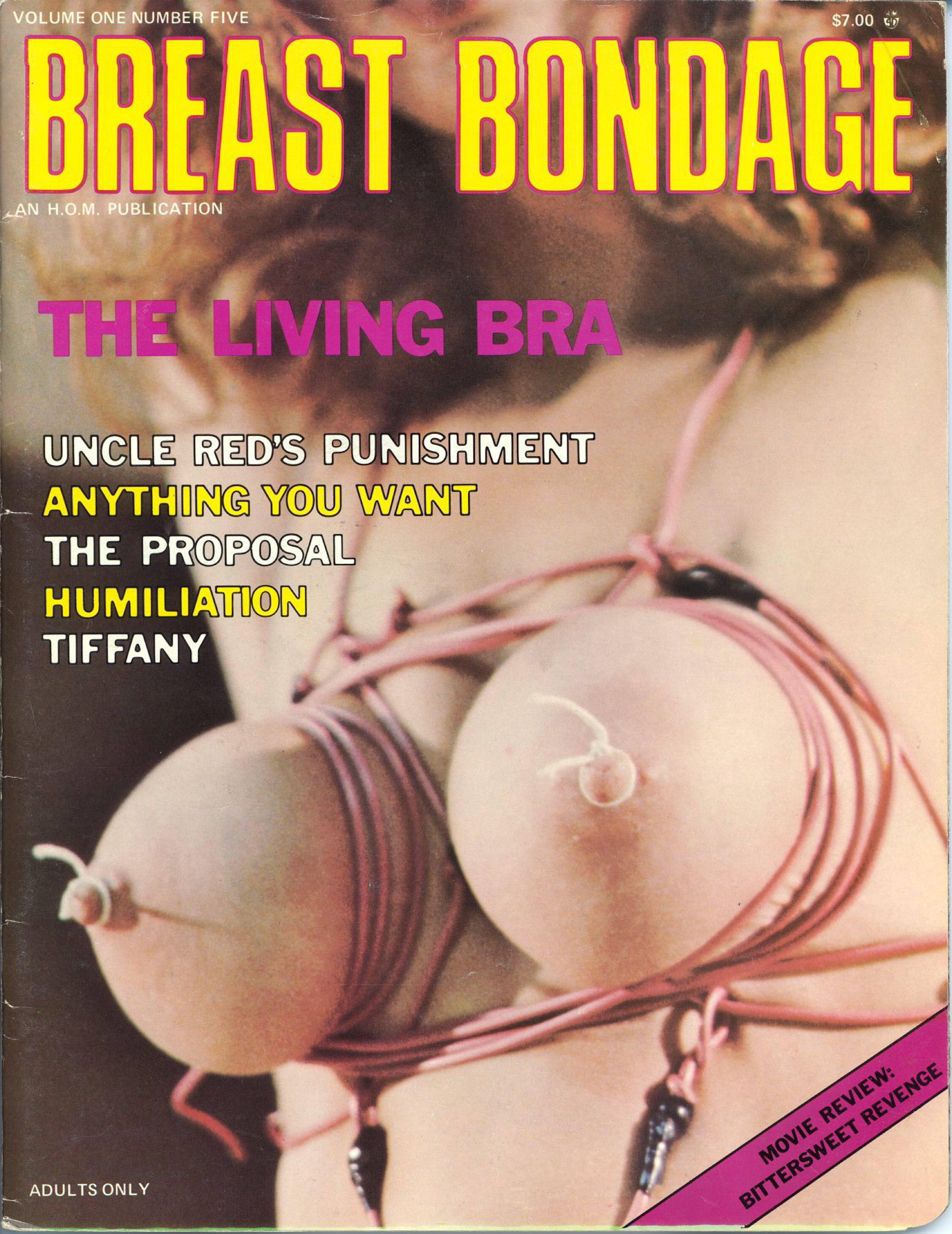

VOLUME ONE NUMBER FIVE
$7.00
BREAST BONDAGE
AN H.O.M. PUBLICATION
THE LIVING BRA
UNCLE RED'S PUNISHMENT
ANYTHING YOU WANT
THE PROPOSAL
HUMILIATION
TIFFANY
MOVIE REVIEW: BITTERSWEET REVENGE
ADULTS ONLY

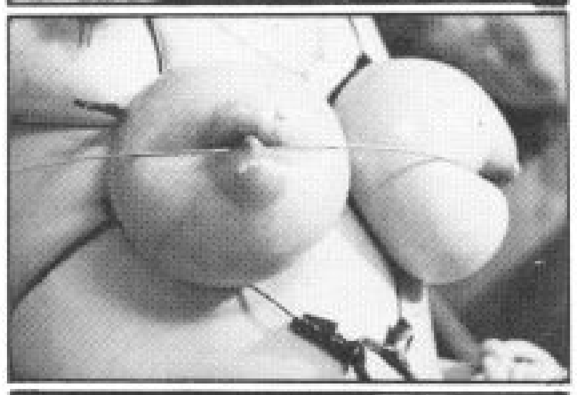

Kagan

BREAST BONDAGE

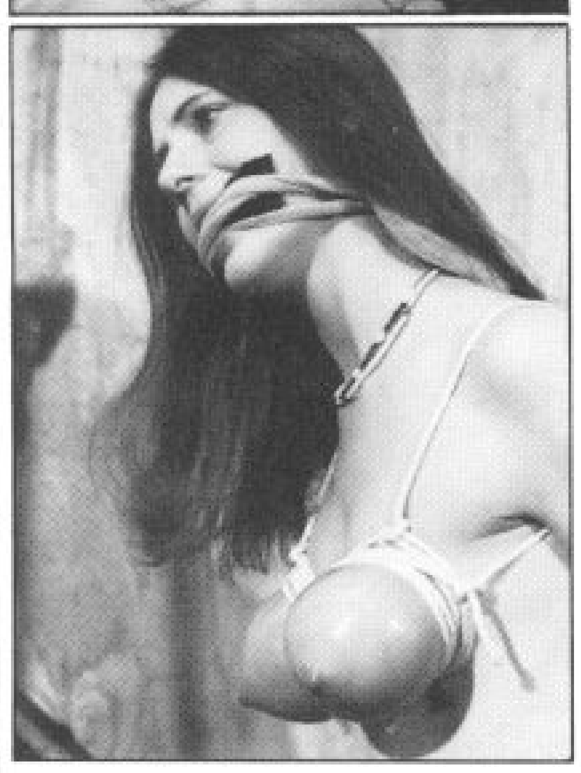
AN HOM PUBLICATION
VOLUME ONE
NUMBER FIVE

Executive Editor . . . BARBARA BEHR
Assistant Editor . . . . . SYLVIA STEIN
Photo Editor . . . JOHN BLAKEMORE
Copy Editor . . . . . . EDDIE JOHNSON
Illustrations . . . . BISHOP
Feature Writer . . . . . F.E. CAMPBELL
Advertising Design . . . . MR. PAUL
Public Relations . MONI A. BERTUCCI









CONTENTS

RULES OF B&D

All games have their rules and the bondage game is no exception. The primary rule is that all people willingly consent to all activities. Without consent it is no longer fun and games, it's assault and rape, something the law has no sense of humor about. Neither do we.

It is important to remember that magazines and films are usually done by experts and often positions shown, drawn or described for their fantasy value may be impossible, too strenuous or even extremely DANGEROUS for the novice to attempt! As an example, some people can easily be bound with their elbows touching each other behind their back, while others may suffer serious injury from that same position. Every body is different in structure, circulation and pain tolerance. Therefore NEVER assume that because a professional can attain a position for our fantasies, it is safe or even possible for you or your slaves.

Avoid positions where someone may be injured if they slip or fall, especially ropes or straps around the neck. Loss of footing in the "arms pulled up behind" position can result in dislocated shoulders! THINK before you act. Carelessness could allow fun and games to turn into lawsuits, a jail sentence or even a human life on your conscience! A WILLING PARTNER IS TOO PRECIOUS TO HURT WITH A THOUGHTLESSLY PLACED ROPE!

Always know your slave's limits and NEVER EXCEED THEM! Use "safe" words that are agreed upon before each session. They allow a partner to stop the proceedings if things are going too far. The two most commonly used of these are "Mercy" and "Mercy Master". If during a session the slave said, "no, please stop, it hurts," the action would continue. If she said, "Mercy Master," the activity in progress would either be reduced or eliminated but the session and mood would continue uninterrupted. "Mercy" means the session is over, stop everything now! Words can also be agreed to meaning 'more,' 'tighter' or 'harder.' If a gag is used, an object being held can be dropped or unreal sounding hums in a pattern can be agreed upon.

Observing these few common-sense rules and using a bit of consideration for the feelings of your partner will lead to a safe and mutually satisfying relationship.

The Proposal









I suppose you could call my seduction a planned progression. Elmer simply walked in and tied my hands behind my back. If there'd been time I'd have protested, struggled, done something, but it was all too easy and casual and swift. When he produced the scissors and cut my clothes away so I was naked I was still in shock. I mean, guys don't act this way . . . or girls! Or do they?

"You must learn the facts of life," says Elmer.

"I already know them," I say tartly. I'm a bit miffed. "Untie me, and you can pay for my dress."

"You know nothing," Elmer assures me learnedly. He's a studious type. "I am about to introduce you into delights far beyond anything you have known. You are about to discover B&D."







"I don't know them and I don't want to," I tell him sharply. "If you don't untie me pronto I'll scream."

Elmer gagged me. He does these things so casually I let it happen. I mean, I wasn't watching. Now I can't talk. While I make funny noises he ties my ankles, my elbows, and my boobs He does the last bit neatly, I sort of like the effect, there'd be a fortune in some kind of bra. "The 'B' stands for bondage," says Elmer severely. "Bondage is a serious matter. It is being recognized as an art form."

I can't speak, so I turn on the heavy reproach with my eyes. This is a damn strange sensation, I can't do a thing, I feel twice as naked as naked. Elmer pays no attention, but lifts me up on the bed so I begin to think we'll soon be back to normal. In fact, I get a bit turned on by thinking I'm going to be screwed while I'm tied up this way. But no dice. "What we are dealing with is pure beauty," Elmer informs soberly. "It is sexual but not physical. You must lift your mind to a higher plane."



Balls! Right now I couldn't lift anything. I make some more sounds which I hope come through as unappeased desire and I keep nodding down in the direction of my cunt. Any man but Elmer would get the message.

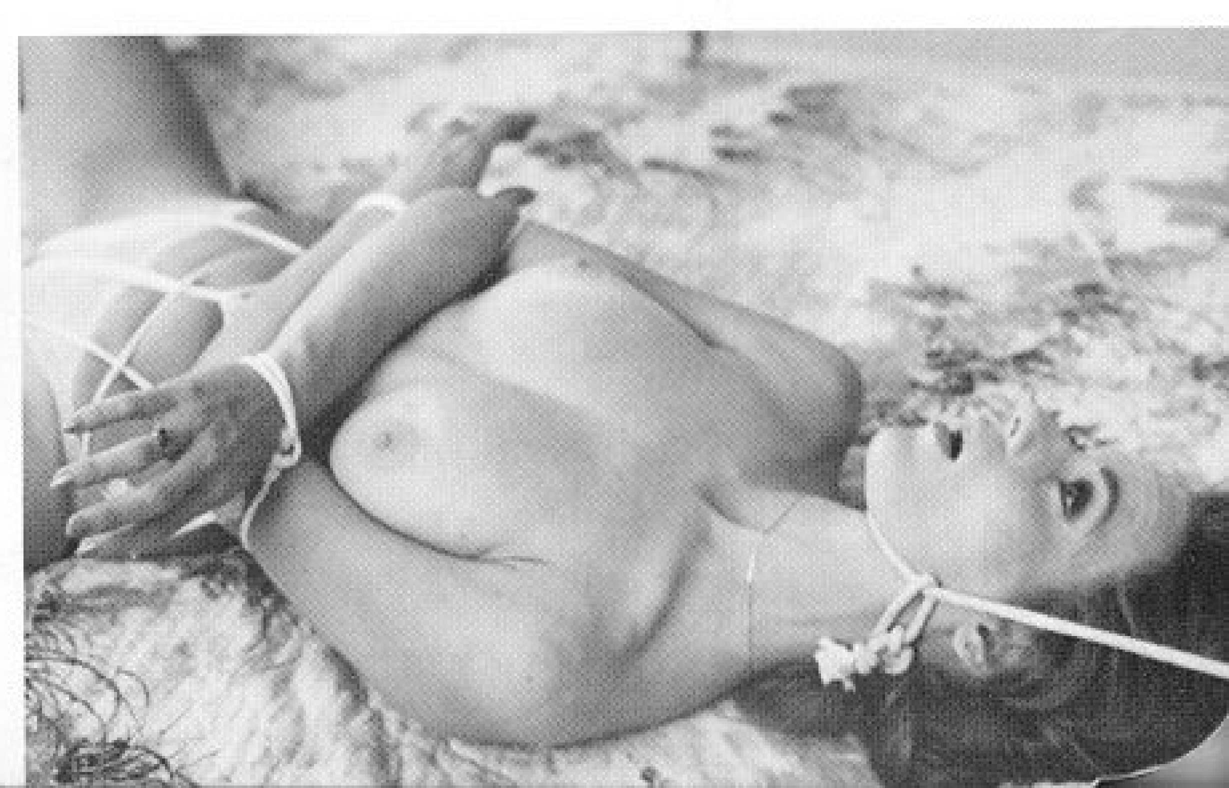
"All art depends on contrat," Elmer intones learnedly. "We must not be hackneyed. We are the avant garde, constantly reaching out. You will find the coming configurations of great interest."

What a laugh! I can't reach out and I'm already tied like a pretzel. But I don't know the half of it. Elmer ties me this way and that way and keeps standing back to get the effect as though he's a great creative artist or something. He pays no attention to my motions about a little sex or the fact I've still got a pussy. I've become a Barbie doll for him to play with and I've forgotten whether Barbie dolls have anything between their legs or not.

"The breasts are vital, they are the center of focus," says Elmer. "For many they typify the female psyche more vividly than any other, ahem, part. They are also extremely vulnerable and susceptable to pain. Pain is where the 'D' comes in with B&D. It stands for discipline. The naughty girl is disciplined - if you get my meaning."

I'm gagged! I can't tell him I'm not naughty! How the hell could any girl be naughty when she's tied up like this! But Elmer's way ahead of me. "The delinquency of the subject is symbolic. No doubt it originates with the constant need of all girls to receive correction and guidance through the authority implied in a cropped bottom." He gazes at me owlishly. "Should I ever marry I would most certainly cane my wife's bottom regularly every Friday as a counterbalance against conceit, her too well nourished ego, and any inclination she may have to nag. A girl's bottom is the surest way to a well-rounded personality."

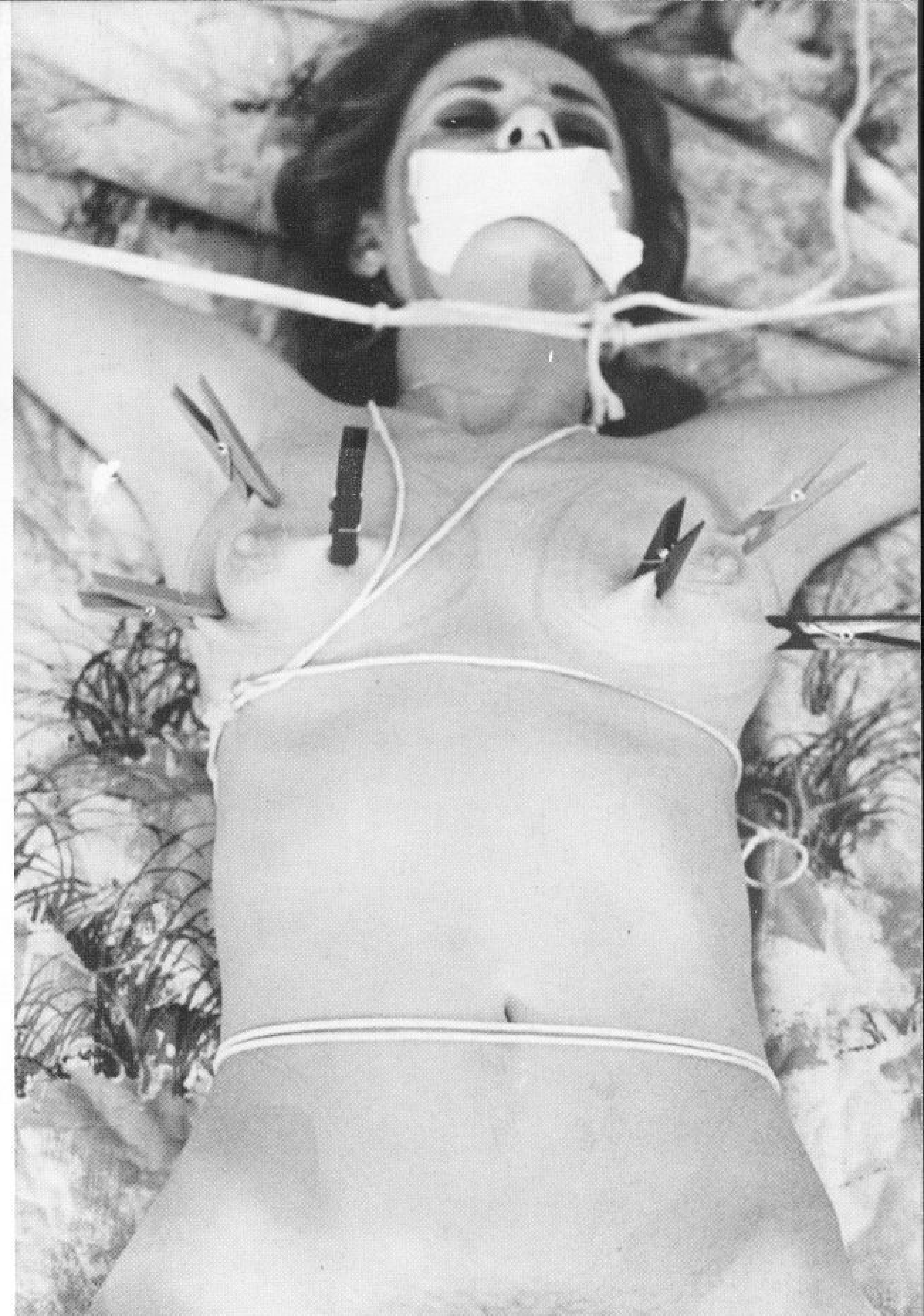










This is bad news. After all, Elmer and I have been going steady for the last two weeks . . . that's a long time . . . and I've been hoping! I am still giving this some thought when Elmer produces a clothes hanger, the kind with two clips for a skirt. First thing I know the clips are on my tits with the hanger suspended. I start to struggle like crazy but it hurts, so I glare at Elmer and suffer a slow burn in two places.

"Attention to her mammaries makes a girl conscious of herself as a woman," Elmer lectures. "She understands her subservience and the need to treat the male with respect. I am considering the application of the spring clothes pins to my wife's nipples at the same time as I deliver her weekly whipping. Ah . . . and that reminds me. . . . "

This is for the birds! But I'm fascinated. Elmer proceeds to do the impossible. He ties my boobs, round and round and out and out. . . . Gosh, I'd no idea! When my tits are halfway to Cincinnati he cinches me tight, gets rid of the coat hanger, and replaces it with two clothes pins, one on each of my nipples. They stick out perkily and bite like little demons. He then takes away my gag and when I let go my first blast of outrage clips my tongue. So now I've got three clips, all hurting, and a lot to say that won't come out properly, but I do make appropriate sounds.

"I am glad you agree with me," says Elmer. "I find you most attractive in what you are considering as distress, you are a most charming picture."

I make more vehement sounds. I also wonder why I'm so hot between my legs.

"I'm glad you like my idea of a weekly discipline," says Elmer complacently. "It will make our marriage far more secure. You will be a happier girl."

Imagine . . . ! I can't move. I can't talk. I can't do nothin', and I think I'm being proposed to. I shake my head, but all that happens is my tit pins wobble and my tongue clamp mocks. All of them burn, burn, burn. . . .

"We will have a schedule of punishments for naughtiness," Elmer says thoughtfully. "Punishments by B&D, preferably the 'D.' I will discuss it with you before having it framed and hung on the kitchen wall."

"Brrrrrrrr . . !" I say, or something like that.

"I am also debating the shaving of your pubic hair. It is highly recommended." He smiles tenderly. "Oh, and I almost forgot - will you marry me?"

"Gllllluugh . . . !" I say firmly.

"I'll accept that as a promise," says Elmer blandly.





Uncle Red's Punishment

She was a pert, pretty little thing. I could tell she was pushing her courage. She walks right up to me, smiling brightly, and says, "You're Mr. Cobb, aren't you? My name's Winifred. I believe you know who told me to drop by and what he has in mind." She looks me up and down saucily. "You're awful big, but you don't look a bit cruel. In fact, you look rather nice."

I pat her paternally and explain about how cruelty has nothing to do with it. She nods, a bit unsure of the whole deal and, mind you, this is natural with the tricks who come my way and agree doubtfully, but she's bursting with curiosity. "It seems such a strange way to make a living, Mr. Cobb, torturing girls like me."

I explain about not using that word.

"Well . . . I expect you're right. I'll call it 'punish' instead. I suppose that's what it really is, but it's so . . . so . . . extreme. Years ago they used to whip our bottoms."

I explain about doing that too but that it's not on her chart. She nods as though that makes sense. "Uncle's very avant garde. He wouldn't have anything ordinary done to me, I was sure of that when I agreed to come for your treatment." She holds up a forbidding hand. "Don't tell me what the treatment is. I don't want to know. But, if you want, we can get started with it."

Cool as a cucumber and twice as pretty. She shows no sign of shock when I explain about her not wearing any clothes. She simply takes off her things and puts 'em in a neat little pile. If she feels embarrassed, and I supsect she does, she doesn't show it, doesn't try to cover any of her best parts, just lets her arms hang loose, waiting.

I tie her to the chair I have waiting. She doesn't say a word, just adjusts herself as I tug the ropes, and looks down in an interested way to watch herself made helpless. But this girl's sociable. She doesn't stay silent for long.

"I've never had this done to me before, Mr. Cobb, not since I was a kid. There's something very basic about what you're doing to me. It goes way back to when females were a prize of war or were kidnaped as wives or slaves. And then there were the Puritans who believed all girls were naturally naughty and needed constant restraint. They built pillories and stocks and whipping posts and things for us. It's only recently we've had things so good." I guess she sees me looking surprised so she adds, "I did all this stuff in university and I'm still taking courses. Maybe when you get through with me I can do a thesis on how women haven't gone quite as far forward as they thought they had." She smiles brightly. "Men do pretty much as they please with us still, don't they?"

I could have gagged her right then and put an end to this post-graduate course on women's position in society. But I could tell she was getting a lot of courage out of talking. She was prettily pulling here and there and smiling apologetically when she found herself fixed. I had her wrists tied to each arm and her elbows roped back to the back of the chair. When I lifted her feet to either side and tied her ankles she was nicely exposed and couldn't move at all. As usual, she comes up with a honey:

"A girl's pubic hair is very attractive to a man, isn't it? Please don't feel embarrassed about exposing mine like this. I think all punishments are partly sexual, don't you? I mean . . . one person compels another to do something, like you've compelled me to sit in this chair. Er . . . is there anything else?"

She takes the news that we've only just started like the trooper she is. The girl is good stuff. Her interest remains perky when I introduce the wire and the pliers. It is when I get enough of the wire sinking into her skin that she sees the light.

"It's my breasts, isn't it, Mr. Cobb? Uncle wants something done to my breasts. He knows how fond and proud I am of my breasts. I think it annoys him. So he's going to have you hurt them?"

"I expect you're right, lady. Now, just hold still. . . . "

"That's silly, Mr. Cobb. I can't possibly move, not the way you've got me tied, and I do think it's clever, especially this rope you've just bound round my neck. It makes me sit up and pay attention and I can't interfere with anything you're doing to my breasts. They're all yours."

Little Winifred's breasts were a pair of honeys and she was a honey herself. I never feel guilty about what I do with these girls; it's something that needs doing and there's a need for the service I provide. But I do sometimes feel a sneaking sympathy, a sort of tenderness. Like now with Winifred as she looks down as best she can to watch her boobs bound with wire. "It's a sort of wire bra, isn't it?" she observes huskily. "Jeepers, I'd no idea boobs could be this big. I expect it comes from the way these wires are cutting into me . . . they sure hurt when I breathe. Are they supposed to hurt this bad, Mr. Cobb?"

I assure her the wires are supposed to hurt, it's part of the deal. When I get the two of them as tight and melon-like and far out as I think wise, I say, "There you are, young lady . . . and very beautiful, if I do say so myself."

"The wire cuts me terribly, Mr. Cobb, but I'll try and not complain. Pain is so strange, you never know how much you can bear. I'm afraid girls can bear an awful lot."

I fix the ring and the tensioning rope. Winifred's boobs are in for a bad time. If it isn't her breathing it will be the tug of her tether on the ring. I then produce the real thin stuff. Winifred watches, in slow comprehension, something I'm not all that fussy to do.

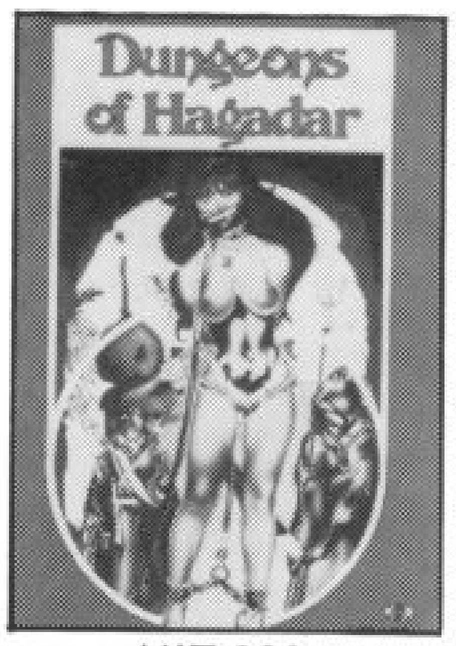
"This wire's simply to be mean," she says quietly. "Look what it's doing to my nipples, making them silly and shapeless. Uncle sure knows the thing I hate most. Oh, Mr. Cobb, that's awful tight and it hurts something fierce when I breath . . . and it isn't a bit beautiful or cute like the rest. Uncle's being real unkind to me."

I gag the little darling. I can't bear any more, and the time's come to leave her sit and hurt, and I can't have her calling out or screaming.

I'm damn glad Uncle gets the blame. ■

H.O.M.'s FINEST PAPERBACKS

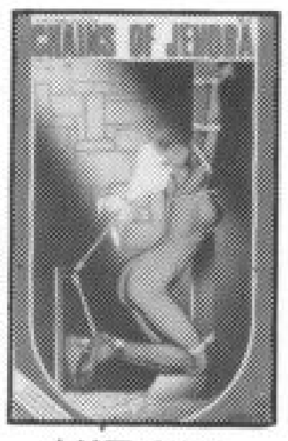
★ ★ ★ HIT BOOKS BY FRANK E. CAMPBELL ★ ★ ★



HIT-129



HIT-115



HIT-116



HIT-117



HIT-118



HIT-119



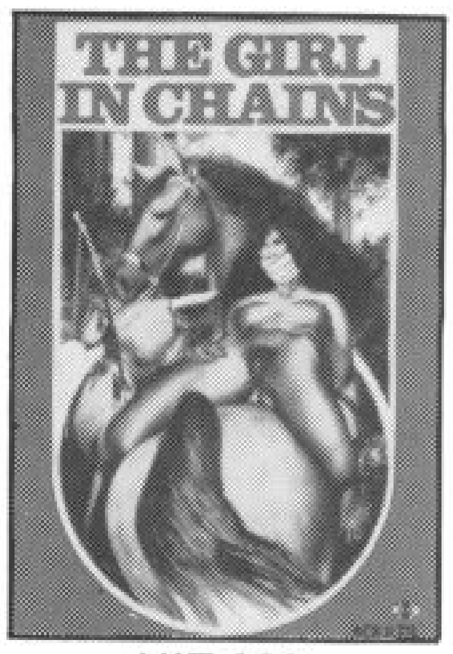
HIT-120



HIT-121



HIT-131



HIT-130



HIT-122



HIT-123



HIT-124



HIT-125



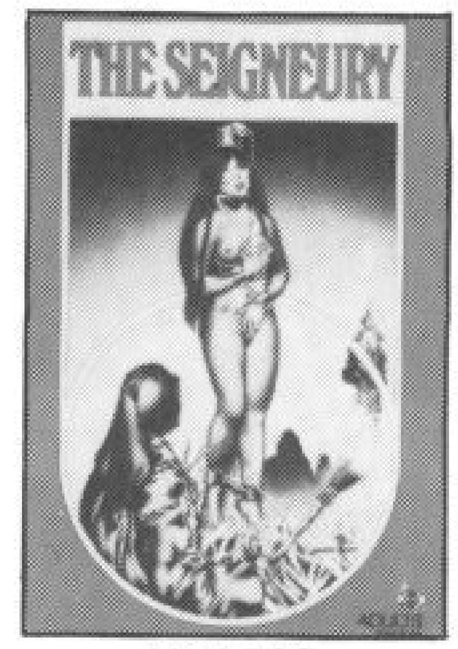
HIT-126



HIT-127



HIT-128

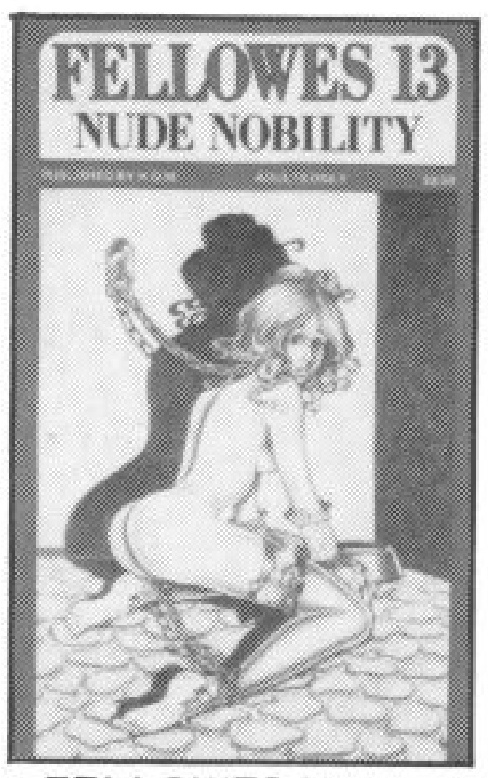


HIT-132

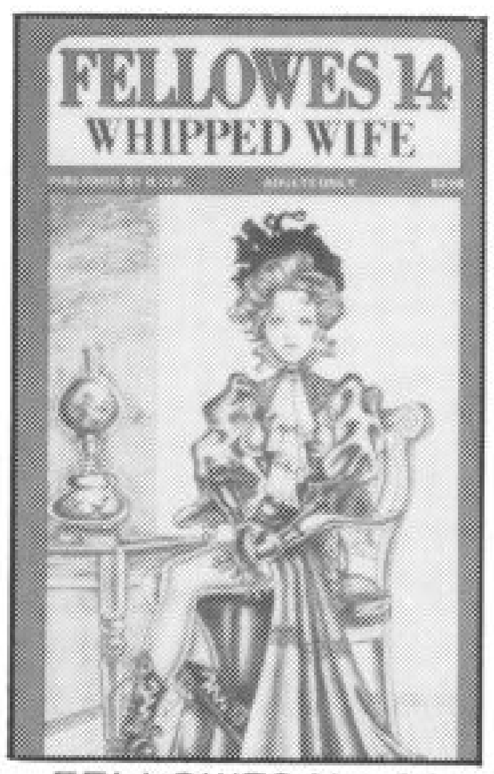
Reading a Frank Campbell novel is entering another world. A world filled with lust, pain, intrigue, agony and ecstasy. H.O.M. is proud to present four new novels that are certain to excite you as no other paperbacks can. Well written books that leave the reader limp, wishing they would never end. The action is non-stop; the plots are intricate and exciting; the characters are unique and colorful. Cover illustrations are by The Bishop who brings to life the essence of the books before you even open it! Don't miss these fabulous new "hits" or any of the other Campbell novels still available!

★ MORE from the fabulous F.E. CAMPBELL library . . .

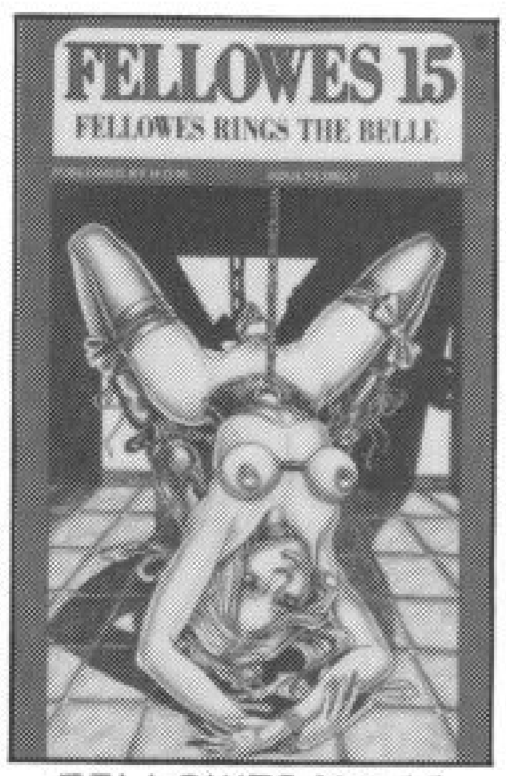
Only Frank Campbell could so delightfully paint a picture with wit and written word of an old but intriguing subject! Through the disciplinary duties of the "all too willing" butler Fellowes, lovely English ladies receive their properly prescribed doses of secure, tightly entwined rope, and endure the whirr and sting of his cutting cane.



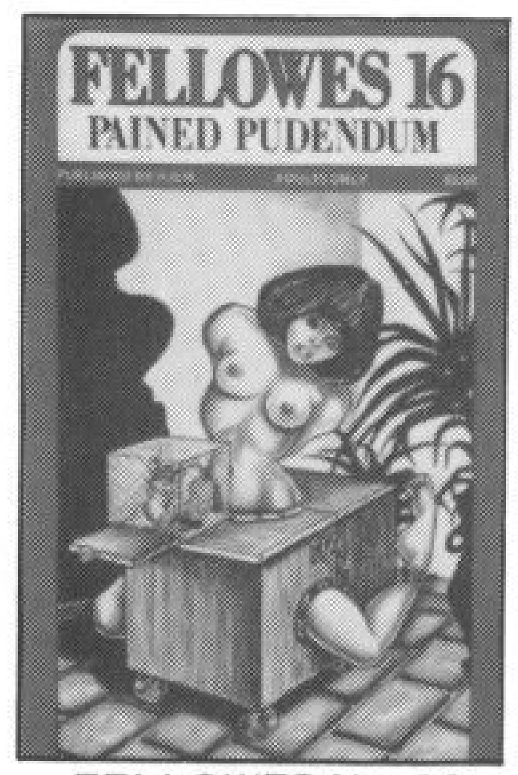
FELLOWES No. 13



FELLOWES No. 14



FELLOWES No. 15



FELLOWES No. 16

Enjoy all thirty-six pages of each exciting rural English chapter complemented by Bondage artist "Ashley", creating his vivid images to keep your eye in perfect focus with Fellowes. Written with humor and wit, these mini-novels are sure bound to amuse and entertain you. If you haven't read Fellowes yet . . . shame on you!



FELLOWES 5



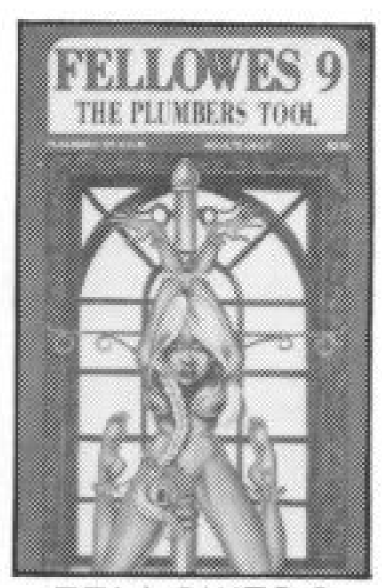
FELLOWES 6



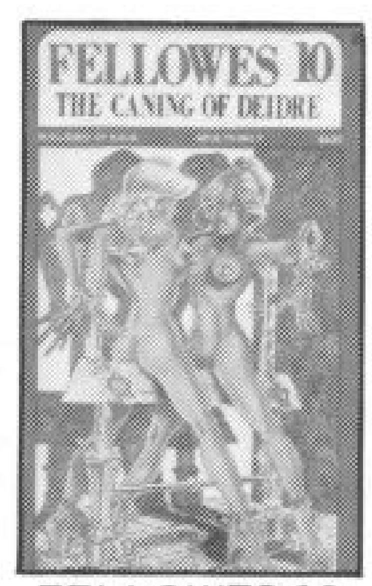
FELLOWES 7



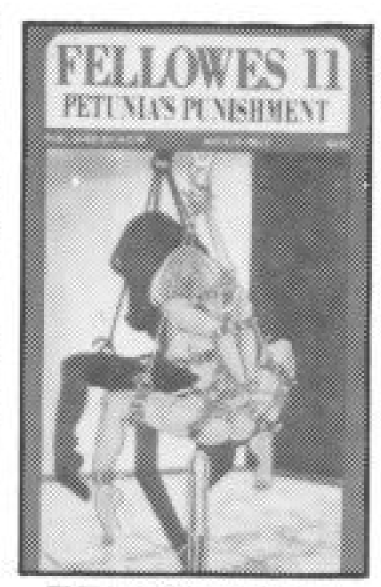
FELLOWES 8



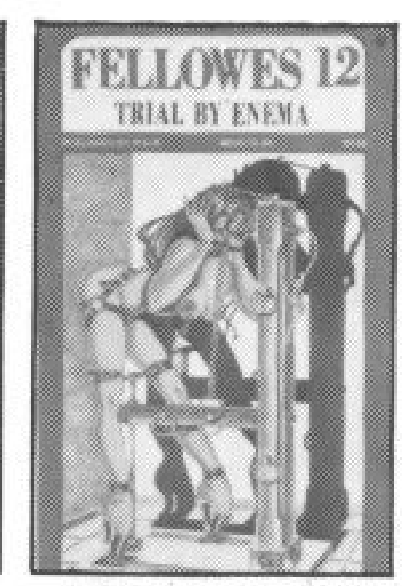
FELLOWES 9



FELLOWES 10



FELLOWES 11



FELLOWES 12

FELLOWES

☐ No. 11 ☐ No. 5
☐ No. 12 ☐ No. 6
☐ No. 13 ☐ No. 7
☐ No. 14 ☐ No. 8
☐ No. 15 ☐ No. 9
☐ No. 16 ☐ No. 10

FELLOWES $4.00 EACH (POSTPAID)

☐ Order 6 for only $20.00
☐ Order 12 for only $35.00

POSTAGE FREE!

☐ HIT 115 ☐ HIT 120 ☐ HIT 124 ☐ HIT 128
☐ HIT 116 ☐ HIT 121 ☐ HIT 125 ☐ HIT 129
☐ HIT 117 ☐ HIT 122 ☐ HIT 126 ☐ HIT 130
☐ HIT 118 ☐ HIT 123 ☐ HIT 127 ☐ HIT 131
☐ HIT 119 ☐ HIT 132

HIT PAPERBACKS $4.00 EA. (POSTPAID)

Order five (5) HIT PAPERBACKS for only $16.00
Order ten (10) HIT PAPERBACKS for only $30.00
Order ALL 18 HIT PAPERBACKS for only $50.00

SUBTOTAL
6½% CA TAX
TOTAL

☐ CASH
☐ CHECK
☐ M.O.
☐ M.C.
☐ VISA

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
CITY ....
STATE .... ZIP ....

MAIL ALL ORDERS TO: H.O.M. INC.
POST OFFICE BOX 7302, VAN NUYS,
CALIFORNIA 91409, U.S.A.

CREDIT CARD No. ....
INTERBANK No. .... EXP. DATE ....
I CERTIFY THAT I AM 21 YEARS OLD OR MORE.
SIGNATURE ....

Bittersweet Revenge

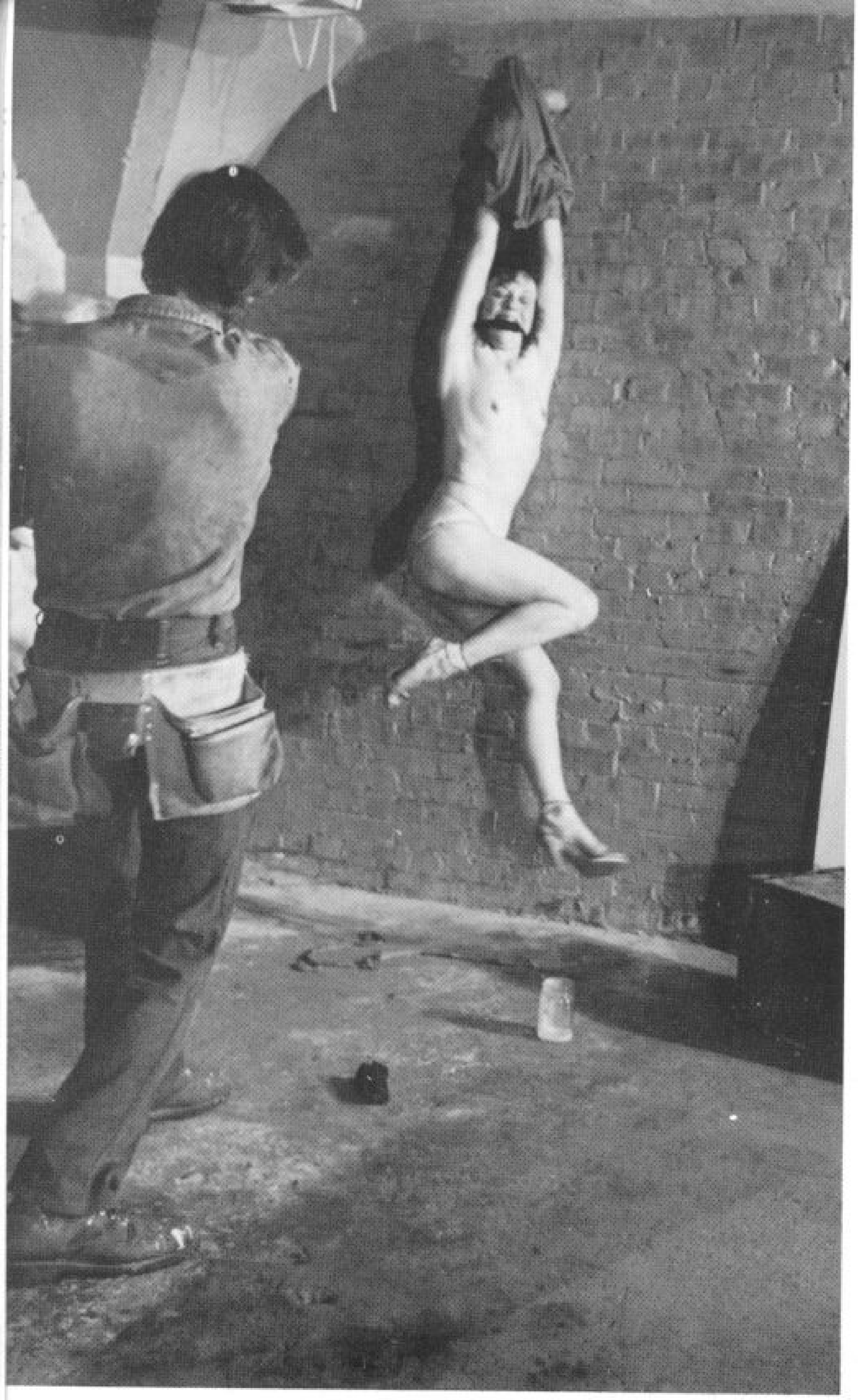
TRI-STAR PRODUCTIONS, our affiliate, has come up with a real winner with BITTERSWEET REVENGE starring Jason Whitworth as Nick, the department store janitor, Rene Baker as Ginger, the beautiful lesbian model involved in drug smuggling, and stunning Georgia Van Helsing as Victoria, Nick's bitchy, hard-driving boss.

Produced by Barbara Behr, written and directed by Jason Whitworth, BITTERSWEET REVENGE not only promises high quality, fast, hot action, it also delivers and delivers!

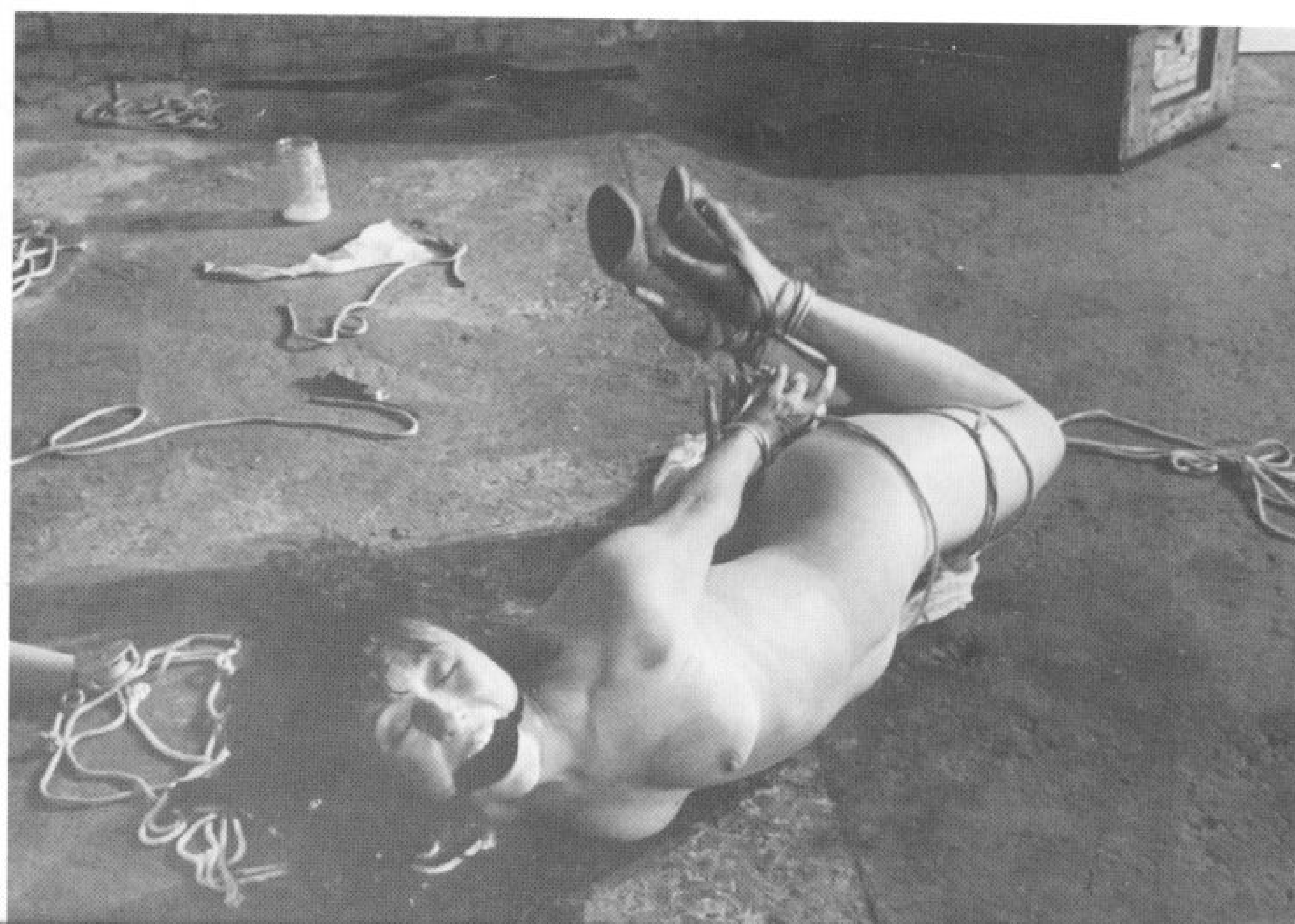
The cameras zoom in on the action as Nick lounges around his room in the deparment store basement drooling over a photograph of Ginger, his boss's girlfriend that he really wants to get his hands on. He knows the store has been closed for a good half hour and he should be busy cleaning, but he puts it off just a little longer.











But just when he is deep in erotic thought picturing himself with the beautiful Ginger, Victoria marches in furious. Not only does he live rent free in the basement store but he keeps his room like a pig-pen and then doesn't bother to do the work upstairs when he is supposed to. She screams, rants, and raves, then hikes her dress up to adjust her panties . . . to tease and torment the man.

"Okay . . . okay," he mutters following her back up the stairs.

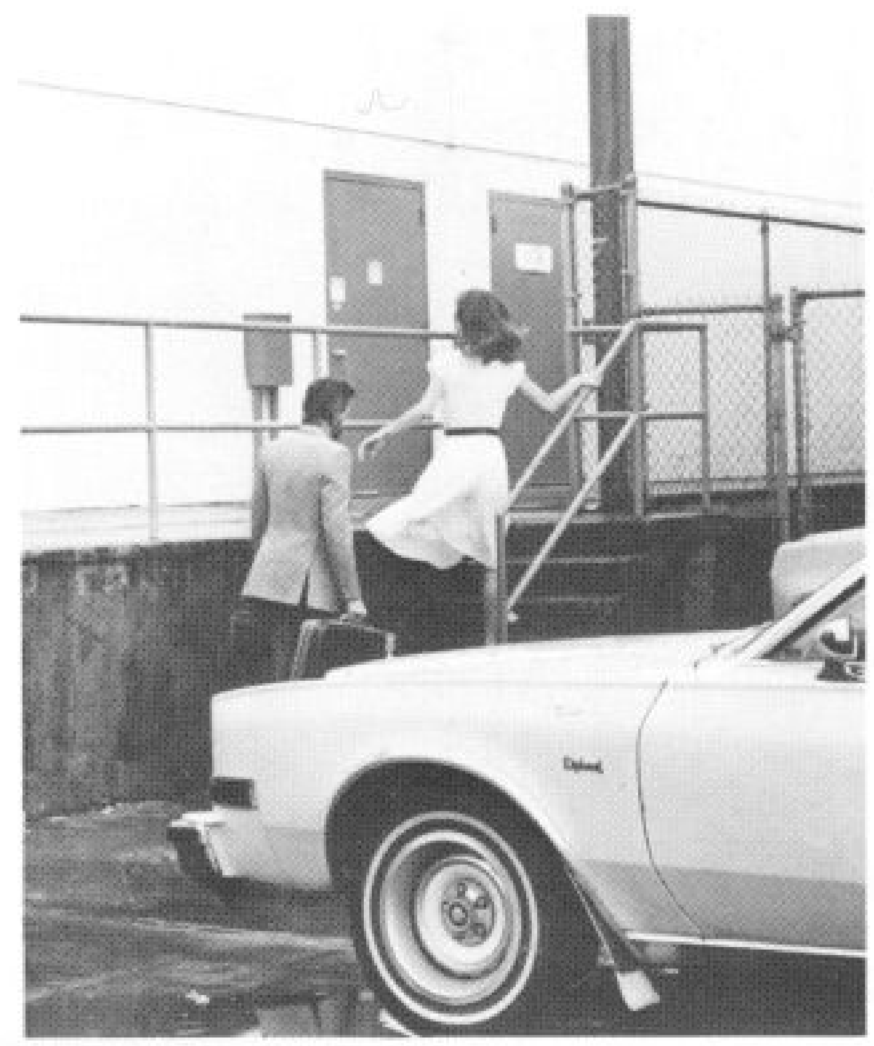
Clean he does until he happens by her office and overhears her talking long distance with Ginger. His mind whirls with the possibilites as he listens. The girls have a sideline drug smuggling business and Ginger has to fly into town to "lay low" for awhile.

"Ah ha!" So his bitch prick-teasing boss has something to hide - and a lot to share! Quickly he makes up his mind. He'll grab Victoria, get her to let him in on the drug smuggling, have some yummy fun with Ginger, and live happily ever after. Of course, it doesn't quite work out like that.

We watch as he approaches Victoria, grabs her and forces her to the basement where, much to our delight, he ties her to the wire cage and torments her. Beautifully arrogant, she denies everything. Then, deciding a little more force is necessary, he takes her into a storeroom, gets her out of her fashion-plate garments and strings her up by her wrists. His belt lashes out and lands forcefully on her bare skin producing bright red, stinging welts. Cruelly his belt lands again and again, curling itself around her, biting at her skin but still she won't confess she even knows about drugs.

Undaunted, he takes her down, ties her in a chair with one leg arched in the air and leaves her for the night. In the morning he'll pick up her paramour, Ginger. Then it will be her turn.













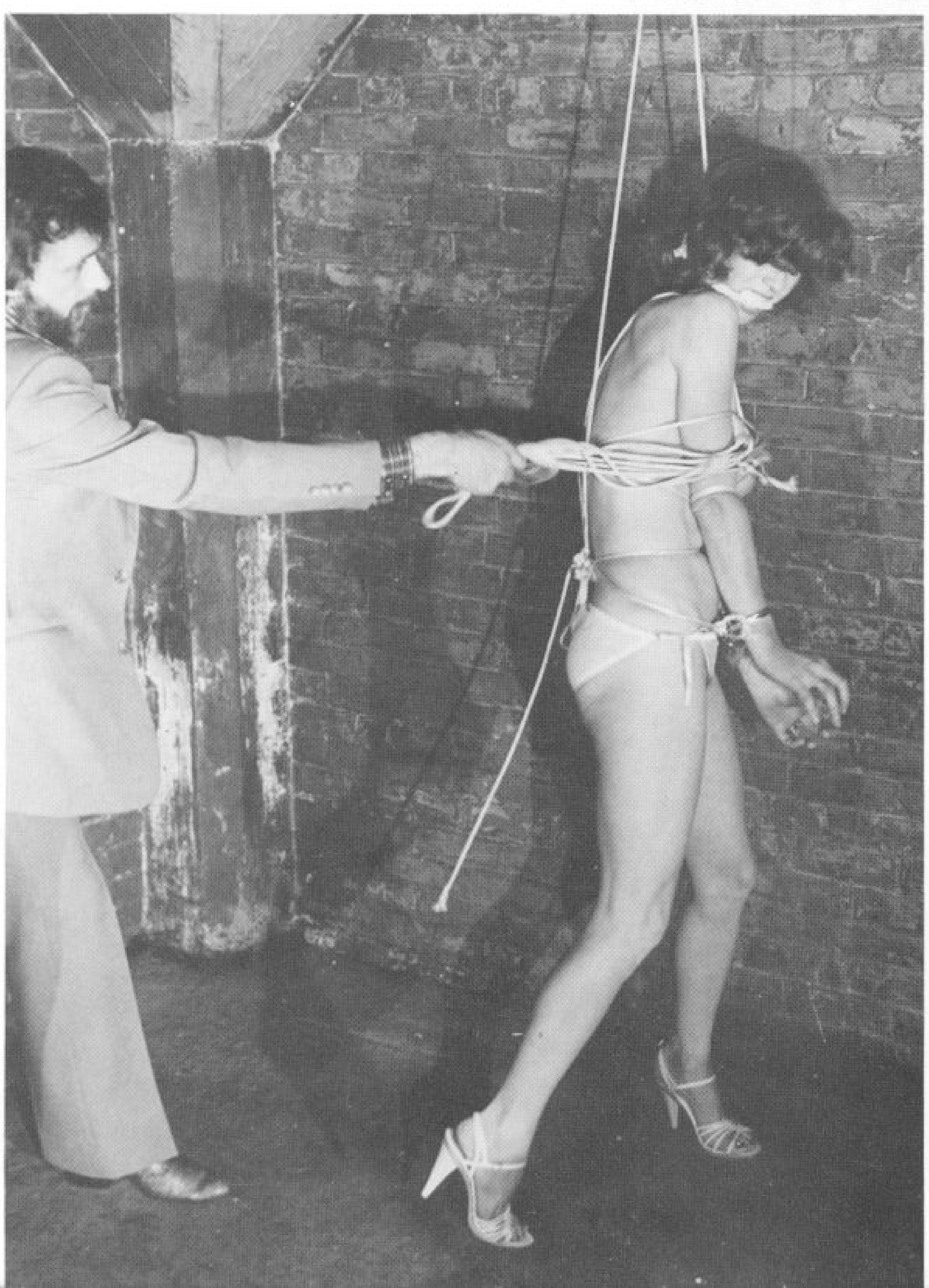
Ginger is not suspicious but she's not happy either. She had expected her reunion with Victoria to begin the moment she got off the plane but now all she has is this damn janitor. Nick casually explains that Victoria got busy and sent him to pick her up. Unsuspecting she goes for it.

When they get to the store Nick brings her in the back way to make sure they aren't seen and then leads her down the basement stairs. When she sees Victoria she can't believe her eyes, but she can believe Nick's gun which is pointing straight at her!

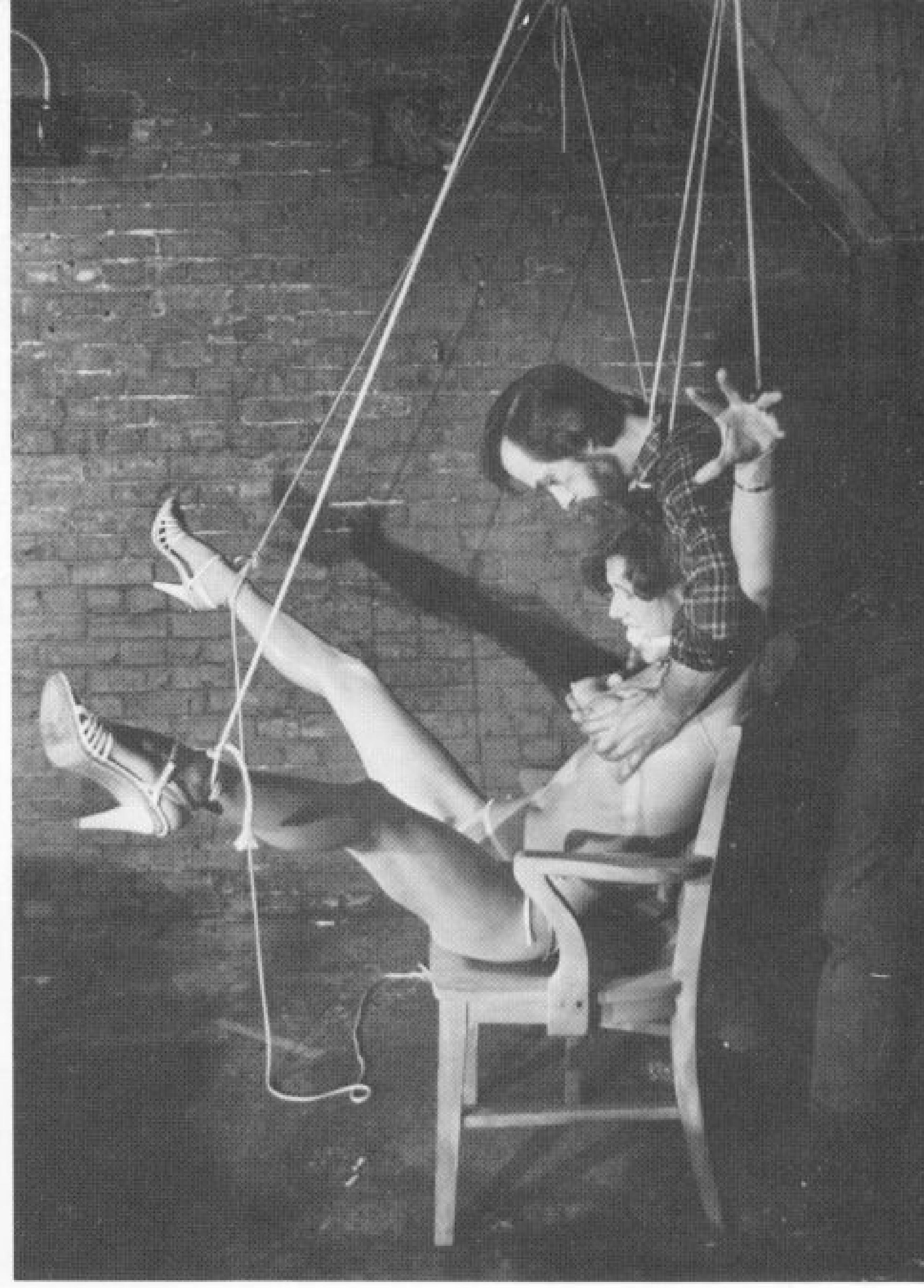
Now, this is when the real fun begins. He ties them separately, he ties them together, upside down, and sideways. He runs wire around Ginger's full breasts and lashes out at her with a rope whip.

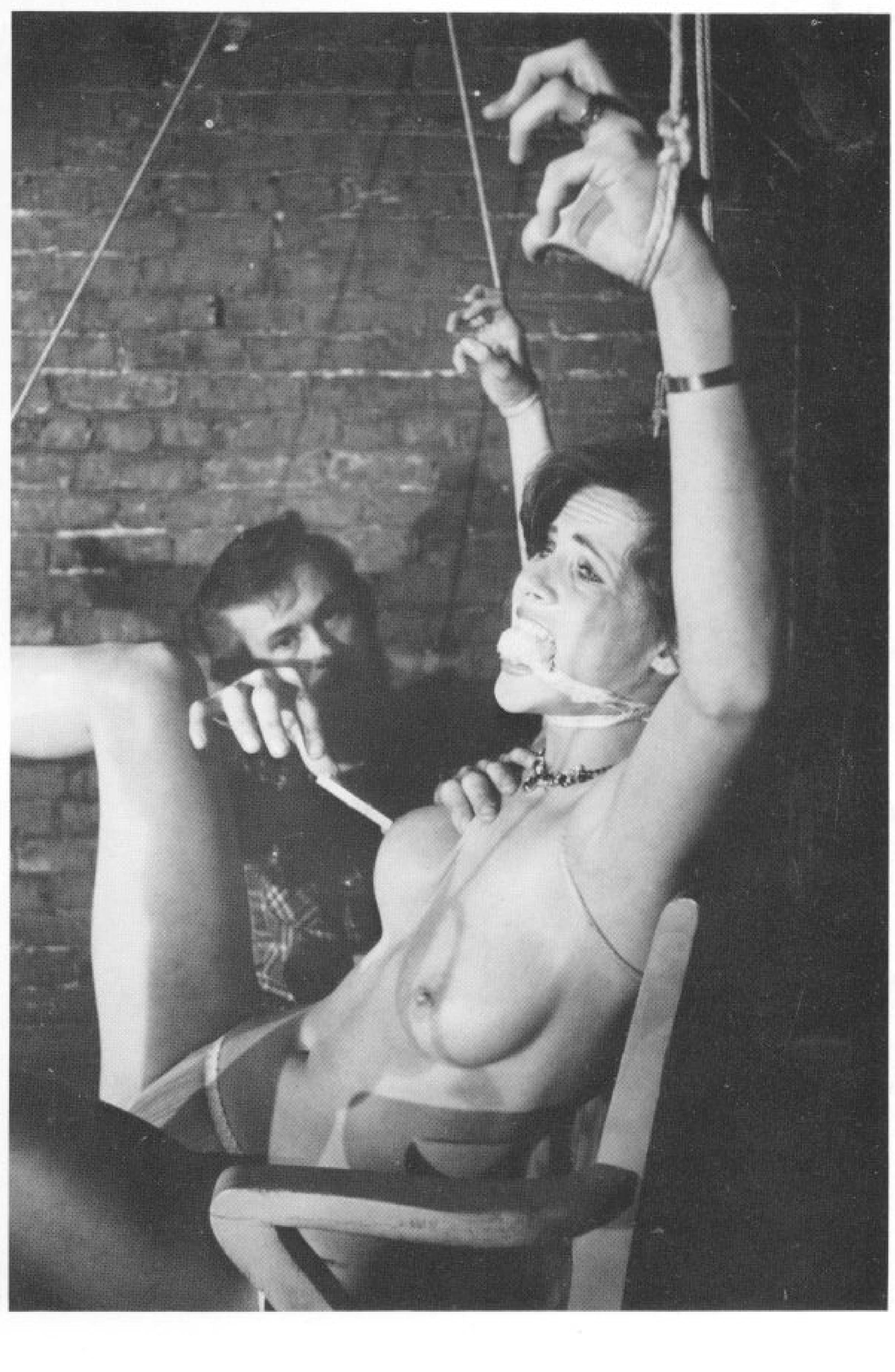
But who wins? BITTERSWEET REVENGE is all that its name implies. You'll have to watch every second of this full hour, color, sync-sound videotape (VHS or BETA)! Pick up yours soon at your local video store, bookstore, or direct from HOM Inc., P.O. Box 7302, Van Nuys, CA 91409. $99.00 plus $1.00 postage.

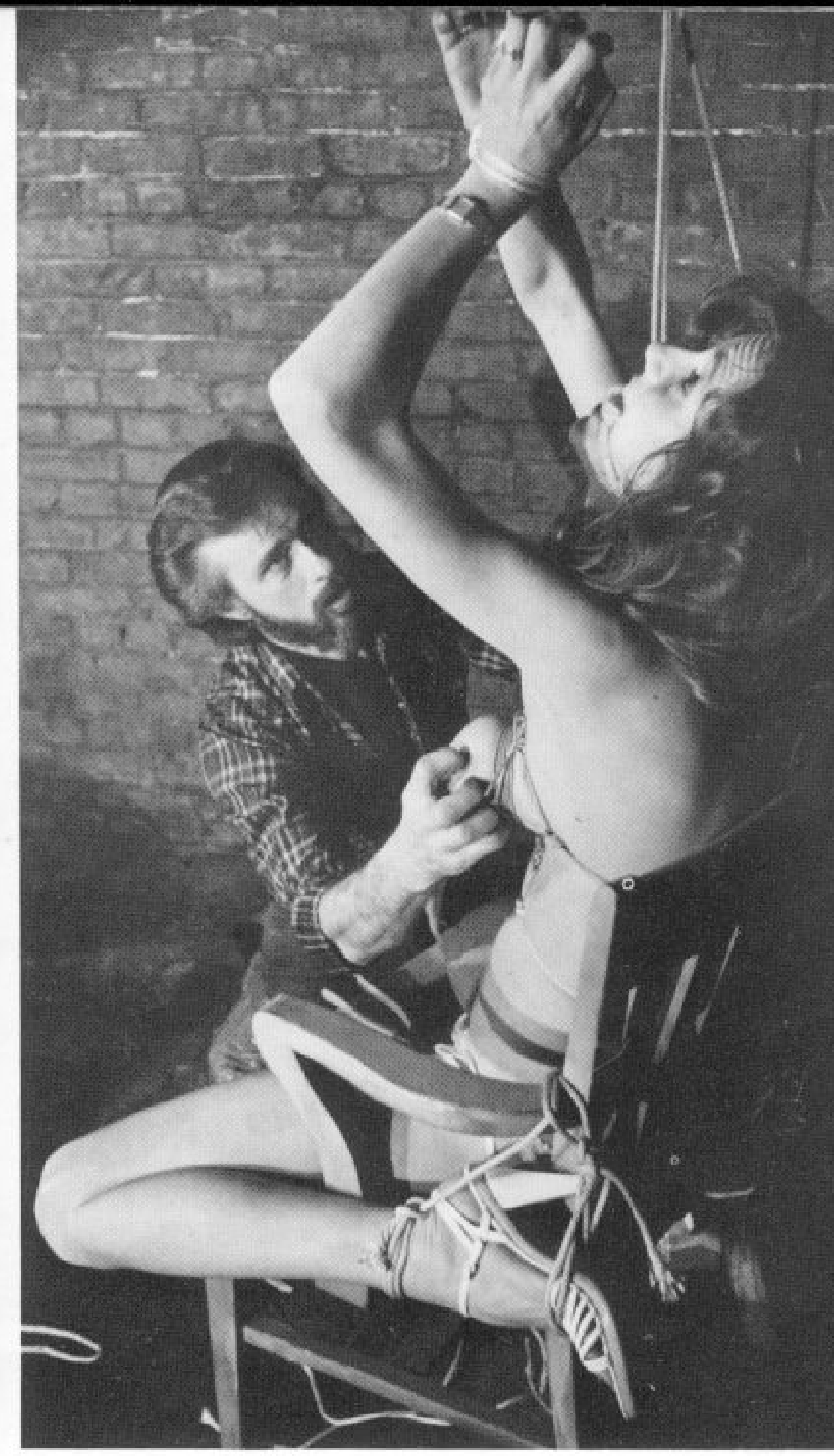




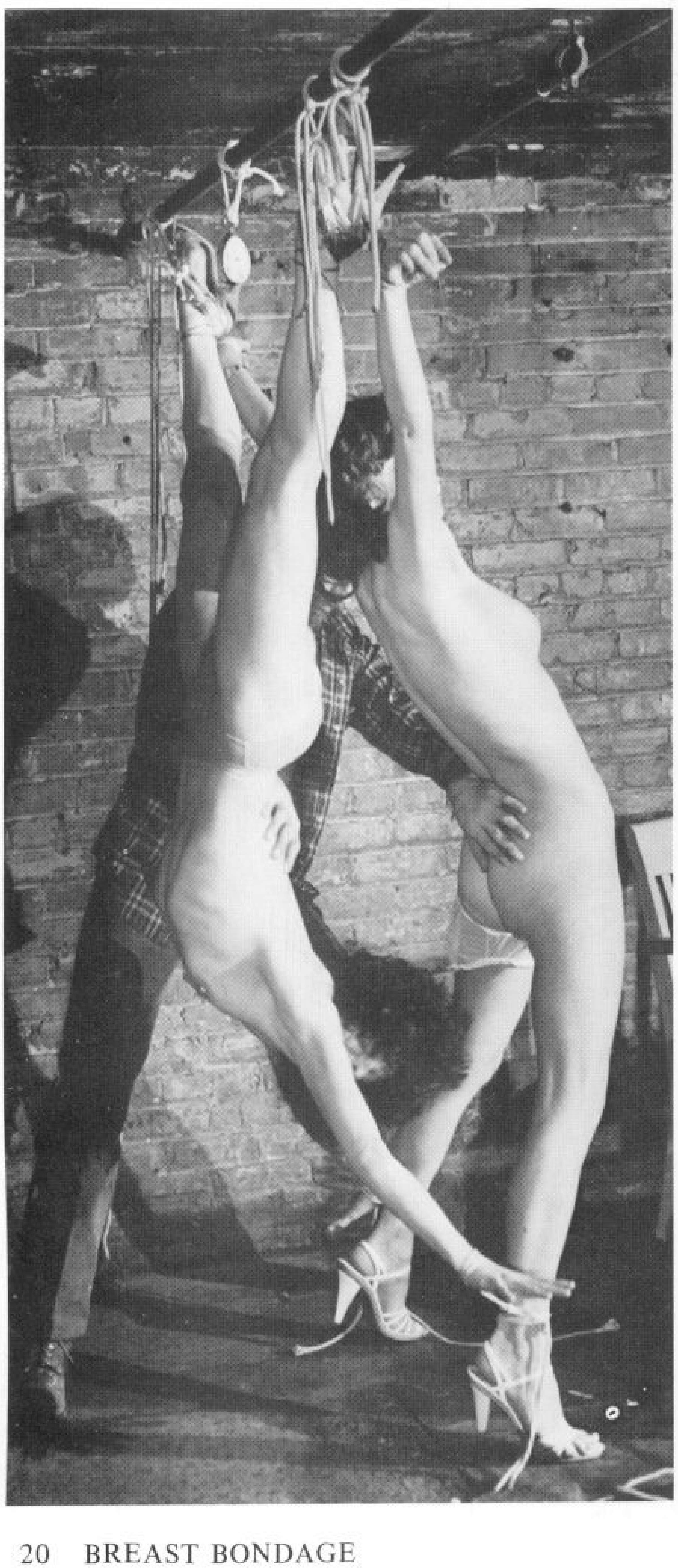


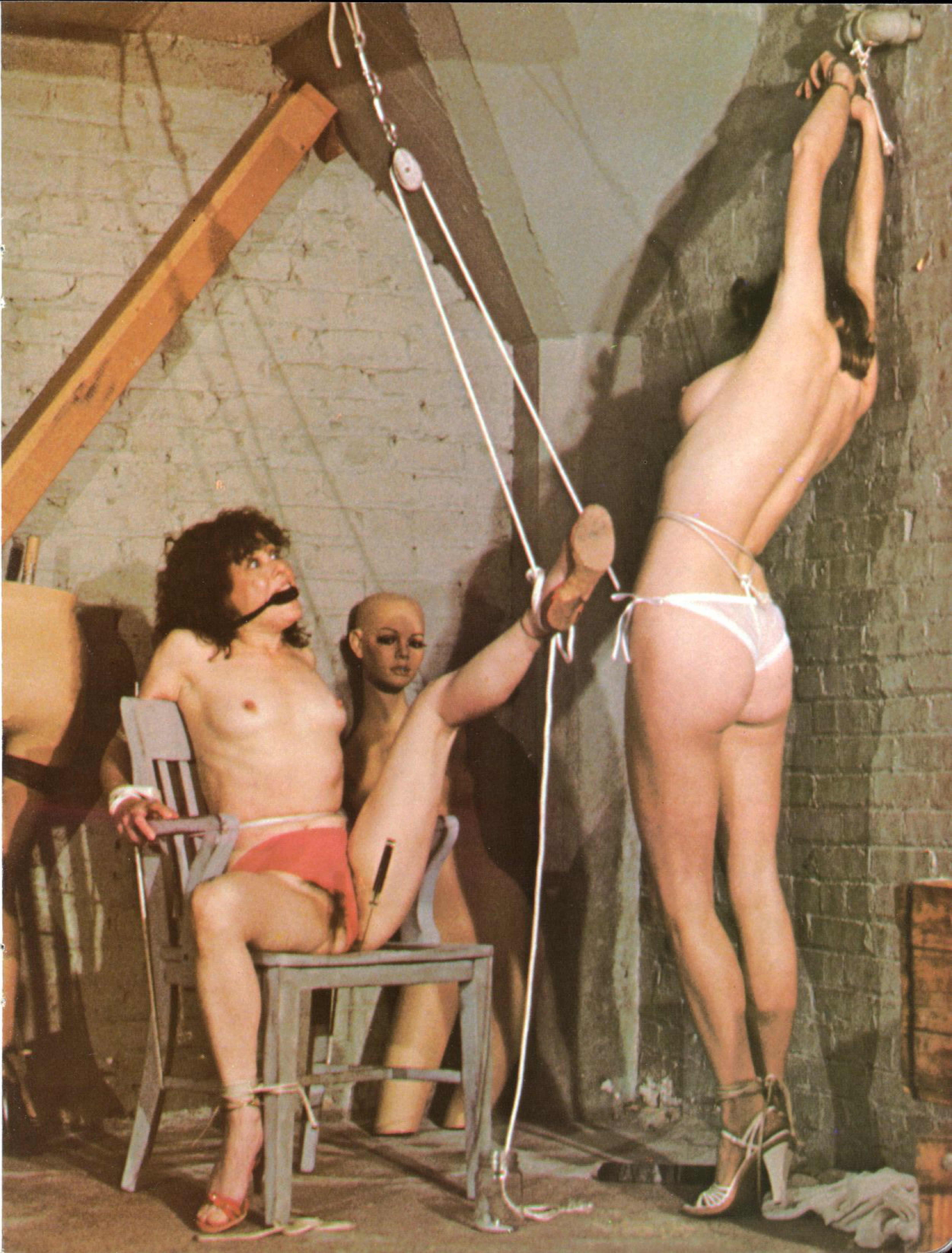








TIFFANY

I'm a tit man. Before I started to date her I told Tiffany straight about girls' tits and me. Girls' tits are more than I can bear without doing something about them. To me, boobs are beautiful and tits tease my pants off. Tiffany said she understood. I sure do hope she knew what she was saying.

Tiffany's a very patient girl. She listened to my nattering about tits, and then produced her own and sort of made me a gift of them. Instantly, I thought up the right line: "Breathless breasts!" That's what Tiffany's breasts are: breathless!

But nothing's ever simple. I then had to explain about breasts in bondage and how gorgeous a breast became when bound. At first she didn't believe it was even possible. But when we got to experimenting she realized it was. You could take a girl's breast and tie it up just like any other part of her, except maybe her cunt. I don't know how you'd tie up a girl's pussy, but I like the idea, so if you ever find out . . . ! Anyways, Tiffany went and bought some rope.

Then I had the job of trying to explain about bondage. Tiffany had thought I had in mind a sort of rope bra, the idea of the rest of her being tied just as tight hadn't entered her head. She listened and said she supposed there was some logic in it but why did she have to be gagged as well? It was a question I couldn't answer. I couldn't think up one good reason why I should stop her talking. It wasn't as though we were married and I wanted to shut her yap. Dammit, I was still in love with the gal, and getting more so all the time as I got to picturing those breasts of hers tied up real tight along with the rest of her being nice and helpless. Anyways, we decided to leave the gag for now and go on with the rest. We chose a Saturday so's we'd both be free and with lots of time.

We were both shy. Yeah, honest! Like a couple of kids never before seeing each other naked. Tiffany's nakedness is something special. It's grade A. We were both absurdly conscious of her breasts. "What are you going to tie me to?" Tiffany asked innocently. "Or do I get tied the way I am?"

I tied Tiffany the way she was, right there. I figured I needed the freedom to move her around in order to get her breasts tied to the best advantage. A post might not be so good. So I tied her hands and then her elbows behind her back. I tied her elbows as tight as I could get 'em. That way, her tits came way out. Perfect. She looks down and admires them herself. "I've never seen them stick out this far before," she agrees. "Can you get my arms back any tighter? This treatment is better than the best bra." She stands pat while I cinch away at her arms. Tiffany's a girl in a thousand.

Suddenly we were shy again. There she was, naked and beautifully bound for me, but I kept thinking about us going out and around together, the coffee in the cafes and the drive-in, and how we started looking at furniture. . . . Now, there she stood with the two best breasts in the world and they were all mine. She was still making small ineffectual motions against the rope she was tied with, feeling their strangeness and their compulsions. I hoped they made her feel like she belonged to me. She was close to the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen. There was just one more step to go.

"This is where you do it." She smiled at me, an almost maternal smile. "Go ahead. I'm all yours. I can't get away, I'm helpless. Go ahead and tie my breasts . . . if you can."

After that, what could I do!

I knew Tiffany didn't believe it possible to have her breasts tied, the same way as a hand or a foot. I knew she figured the ropes would slip away from her curves and end up on the floor. I knew she was getting ready to have a big laugh, not a mean laugh but just a laugh over a cute notion that hadn't worked out. I didn't tell her I'd done this before and had a technique.

The secret is in the start round the girl's naked shoulders. Over a shoulder and under an armpit establishes the anchorage her breast needs to get itself properly tied and to assume the proportions preivously unrealized. I tied with great care, very cautious of Tiffany's eyes raising and lowering from my intent features down to her breasts. When I got the first loop to hold and tightened at the base of one of her breasts, I heard her indrawn breath and felt her tense.

Those first circles of cord are vital. They mold, they gather, they compress so as to make the globe extend itself with a base of a smaller circumfrence than the lovely breast itself. Once you have that started the rest is easy.

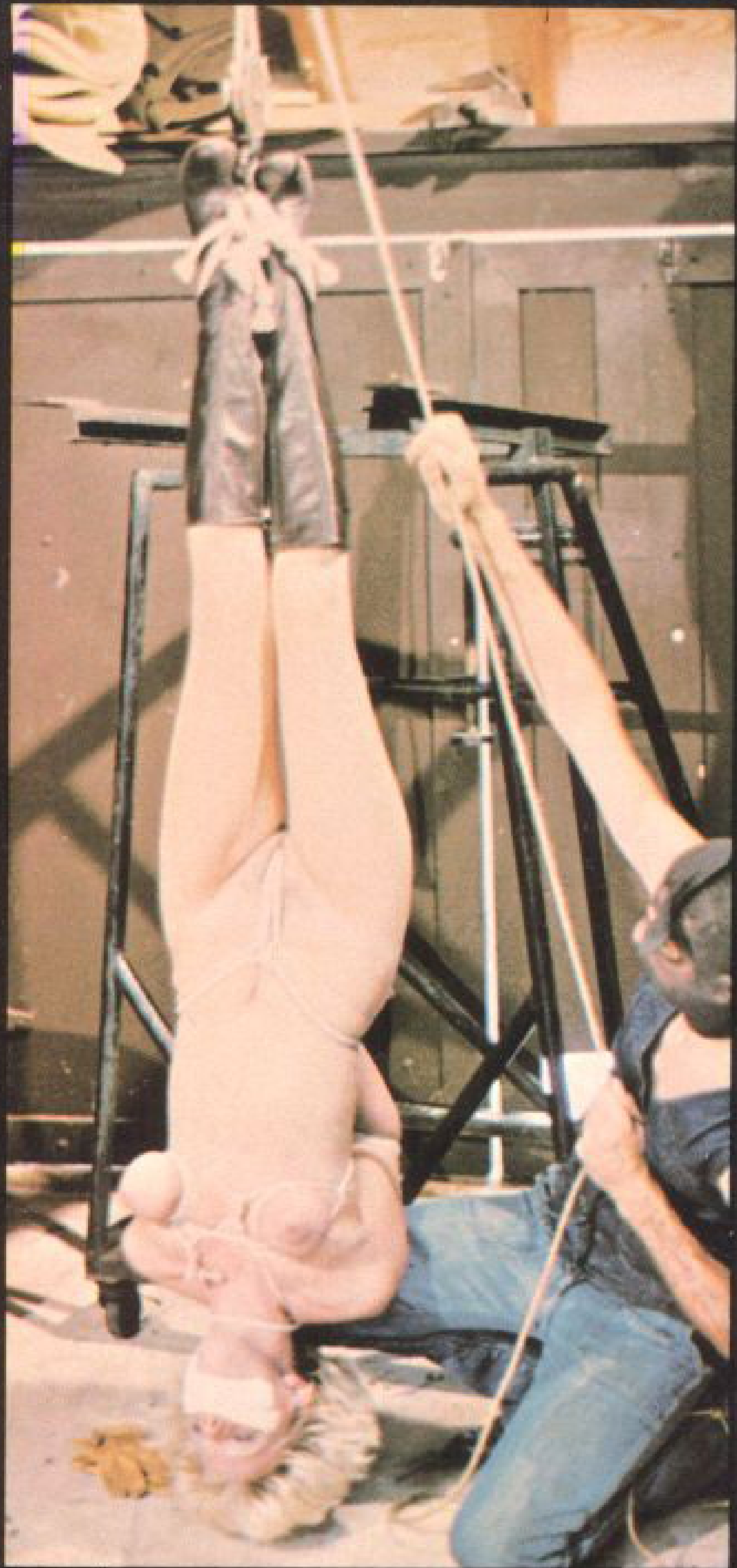
Not that I take any of it casually. For me, there is something sacred and exquisite about this whole thing. Tiffany was breathing fast, her breasts lifting and swelling against the rope. Slowly and reverently I bound strand after strand, neatly and closely, around the base of firm, hot flesh. Little by little the breast protruded under the pressure until it became a hard, suffused round of pure loveliness.

"I wouldn't have believed . . . !" Tiffany was looking down at herself and at her new posession. It was as though I'd taken away the breast she had worn so long and replaced it with something bigger and better and more lovely. "Oh, darling, look at it! Hurry and do my other one."

I did not hurry. A man would be a fool to hurry. I possessed all the treasure of the world and was savoring it to the full. As I tied the second breast I kept feeling the almost pneumatic compression of number one. It was hard and firm, and if I slapped it gently it would vibrate. When I touched its hard red nipple it made Tiffany gasp; a gasp of an intennsity such as I had never before extracted from her lips. When I bit it she screamed, a scream of painful pleasure.

Number two breast joined number one breast in its outthrust of bondage. They were Tiffany's tied twins, a pair of delights to make a man delirious. "Make me wear them like that always." Her voice was husky, her animal scent had become potent. My work was done and done well. Tiffany was fulfilled, I was almost fulfilled. It when then I gagged my darling. Her ensemble was complete.





H.O.M. COLOR FILMS

Order your H.O.M. full color films TODAY! They are available in Regular 8 mm and Super 8 mm as indicated.

ALL FILMS (Reg. and Super) $30.00

(Lengths are quoted under each film displayed below.)





128 - Whatever Wanda Wants
(Reg. 8 mm 50 m - Super 8 mm 55 m)



123 - The Debate
(Reg. 8 mm 49 m - Super 8 mm 54 m)

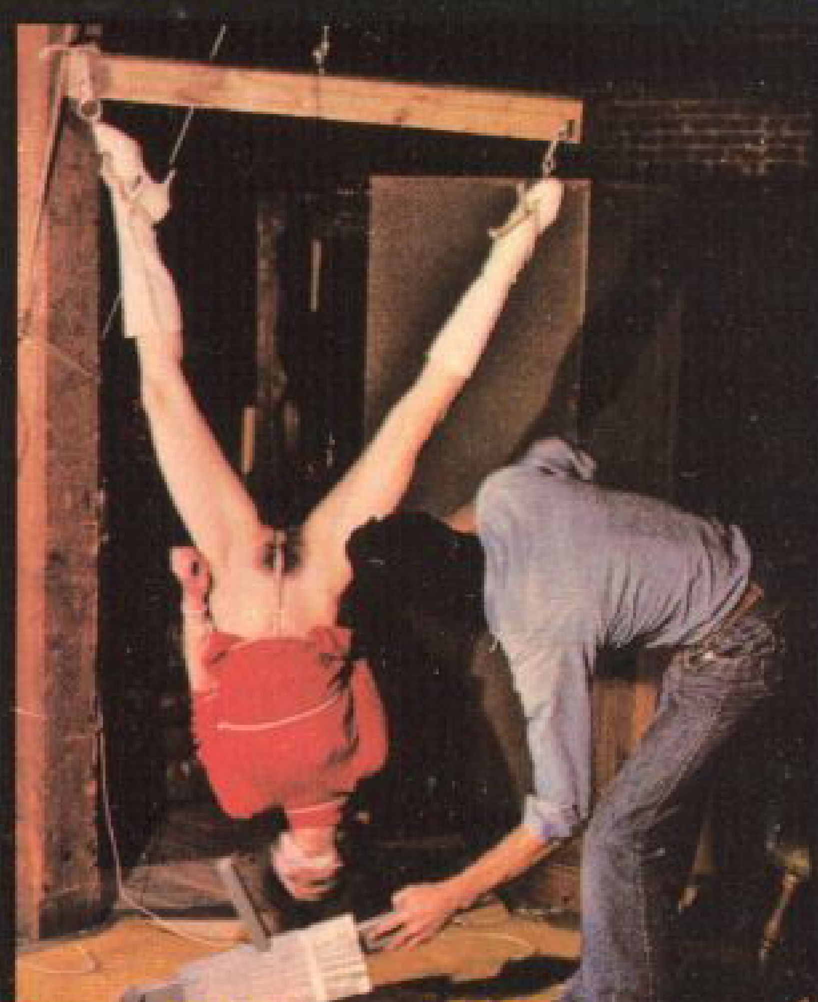
114 - Rope Burn
(Reg. 8 mm 50 m - Super 8 mm 55 m)



120 - Painful Persuasion
(Reg. 8 mm 50 m - Super 8 mm 54 m)



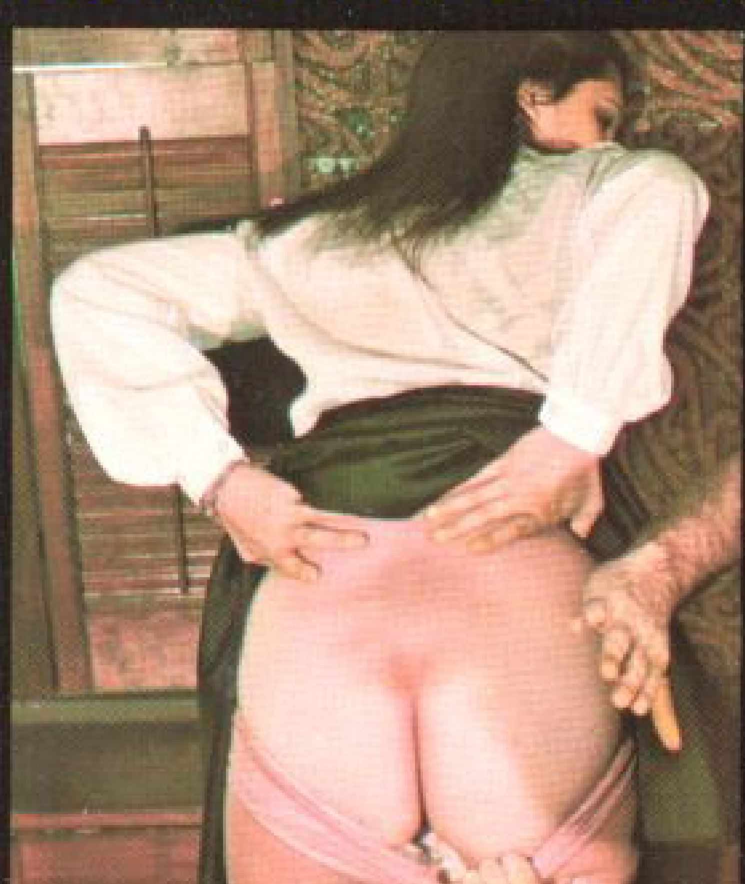
127 - High Strung!
Reg. 8 mm 50 m - Super 8 mm 55 m)



117 - Suspended Revenge
(Reg. 8 mm 50 m - Super 8 mm 54 m)



119 - The Intruder
(Super 8 mm 56 m)



124 - Angry Executive
Reg. 8 mm 49 m - Super 8 mm 54 m



126 - Cheerleaders
(Super 8 mm 55 m)

If Order Form is Detatched, Send Your Order on a Separate Piece of Paper to: H.O.M., POST OFFICE BOX 7302, VAN N



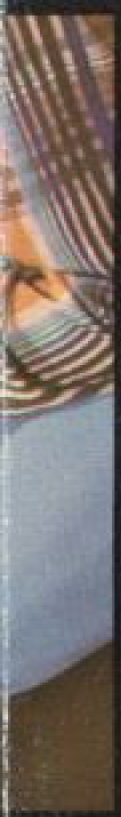
121 - Carie's Red Hot Lesson
(Reg. 8 mm 50 m - Super 8 mm 55 m)



113 - 110 Volts of Electrfying Torment
(Reg. 8 mm 48 m - Super 8 mm 53 m)

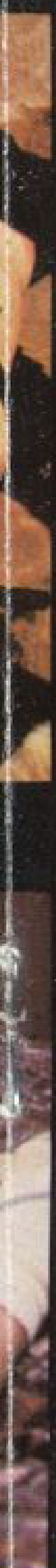


118 - Daydream
(Super 8 mm 56 m)





116 - Punished!
(Reg. 8 mm 50 m - Super 8 mm 55 m)





115 - The Terrorist
(Reg. 8/50 m - Super 8/55 m)



122 - Spanking His Pet Pussy
(Reg. 8 mm 50 m - Super 8 mm 55 m)



125 - Violated!
(Reg. 8 mm 50 m - Super 8 mm 55 m)

UYS, CALIFORNIA, 91409, U.S.A.

CHECK ITEMS DESIRED BELOW:

☐ Reg. ☐ Super

☐ 113 . . .
☐ 114 . . . ALL FILMS
☐ 115 . . . $30.00
☐ 116 . . .
☐ 117 . . .
☐ 118 . . . Super only
☐ 119 . . . Super only
☐ 120 . . .
☐ 121 . . .
☐ 122 . . .
☐ 123 . . .
☐ 124 . . .
☐ 125 . . .
☐ 126 . . . Super only
☐ 127 . . .
☐ 128 . . .

Please add $1.00 postage & handling for each film ordered.

☐ ENCLOSED IS $8.50 FOR THE "COMPLETE H.O.M. FILM CATALOG."

Total Amount of Order $____________________________

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA

Account No.____________________________

Interbank No.______________ Exp. Date__________

I certify that I am 21 years of age or older.

Signature____

Name____

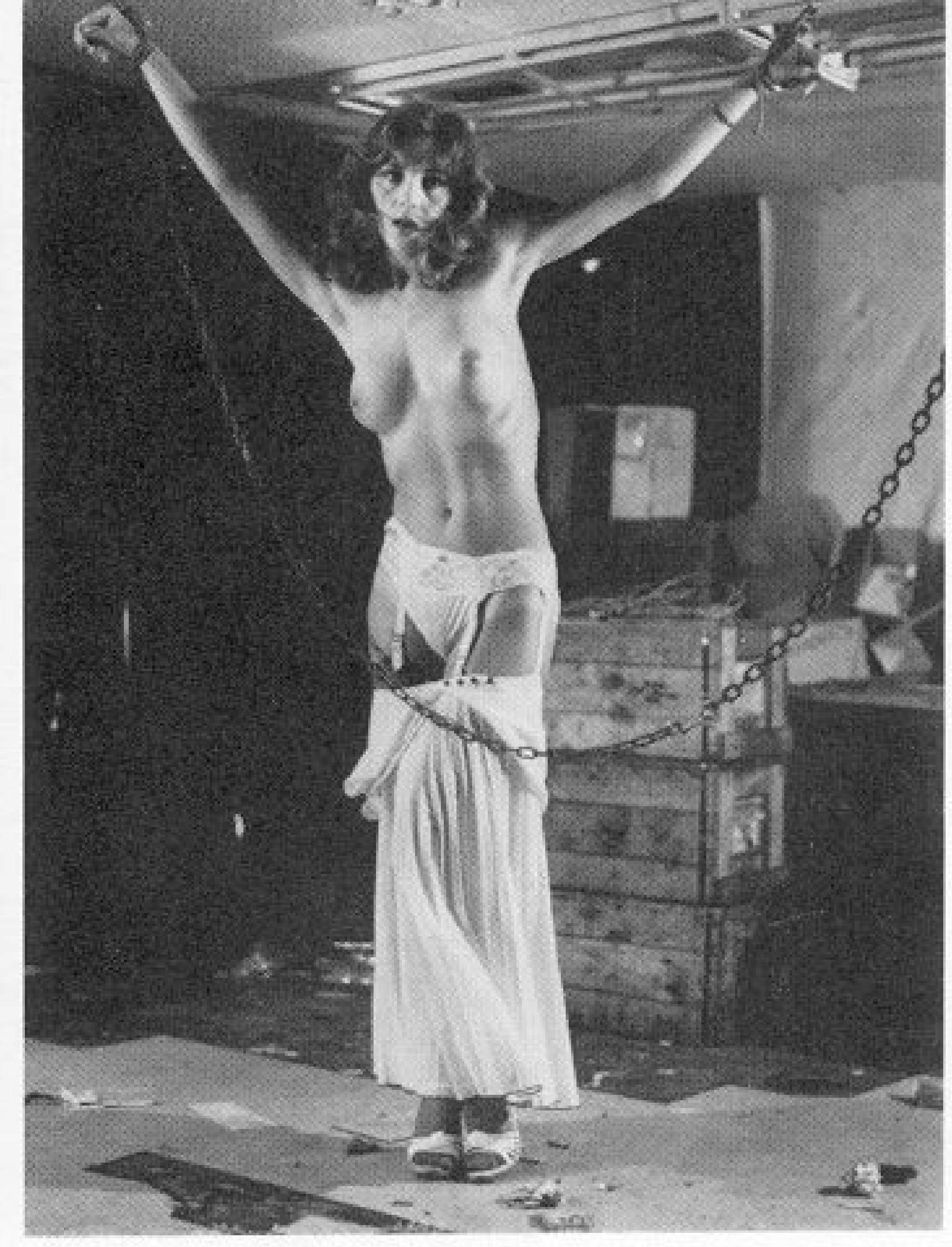
Address____

City____________________ State______________ Zip__________

SEND YOUR ORDERS TO: H.O.M. INC., P.O. BOX 7302
VAN NUYS, CALIF. 91409, U.S.A.







THE LIVING BRA



I suppose I'm a louse. But it was so damn easy. Sandy trusts me and we've done a lot together. Sandy is the most gorgeous damsel in distress in the business - and out of it too! She possesses that utterly feminine quality of flowing lust in sweet helplessness, resigned submission, resignation to her fate as a maiden bound. She's good with clothes and without 'em. She's rare.

I don't know what got me started on this tit obsession. Men are ridiculous about these matters. It simply happened and it blossomed into an obsession about beautiful breasts, bouncing boobs, naughty nipples, and tumescent tits. I couldn't forget it. It was there: breasts . . . breasts . . . breasts. So I had to do something . . . !

We started out as usual. Gosh, that girl is lovely! I tied her wrists up to the bar and she fell into all the wonderful repetoire of submission that makes her the best camera material in the world - at least for me! The exquisite slender nudity held, standing, for the pleasure of a man. The pictures are pure art, but they could illustrate Sandy being sold at auction, or being punished in the simplest bondage, or resignedly awaiting the rape she knows inevitable. She's evocative, she's gorgeous, she lights up my workshop like a beacon in the dark.







"Ever thought about your breasts?" I ask offhandedly.

I can tell right off she has. Her head lifts. "You mean tying them, Lenny? Sure, I've thought about my breasts being tied, and I've seen the pictures. I don't want it, it's untidy and I don't think it's beautiful."

"Suppose I made it beautiful?"

Her head rears again. She knows! She can sense me the same way I can sense her. Quite simply she says, "You're going to do it to me, aren't you?"

"Yes."

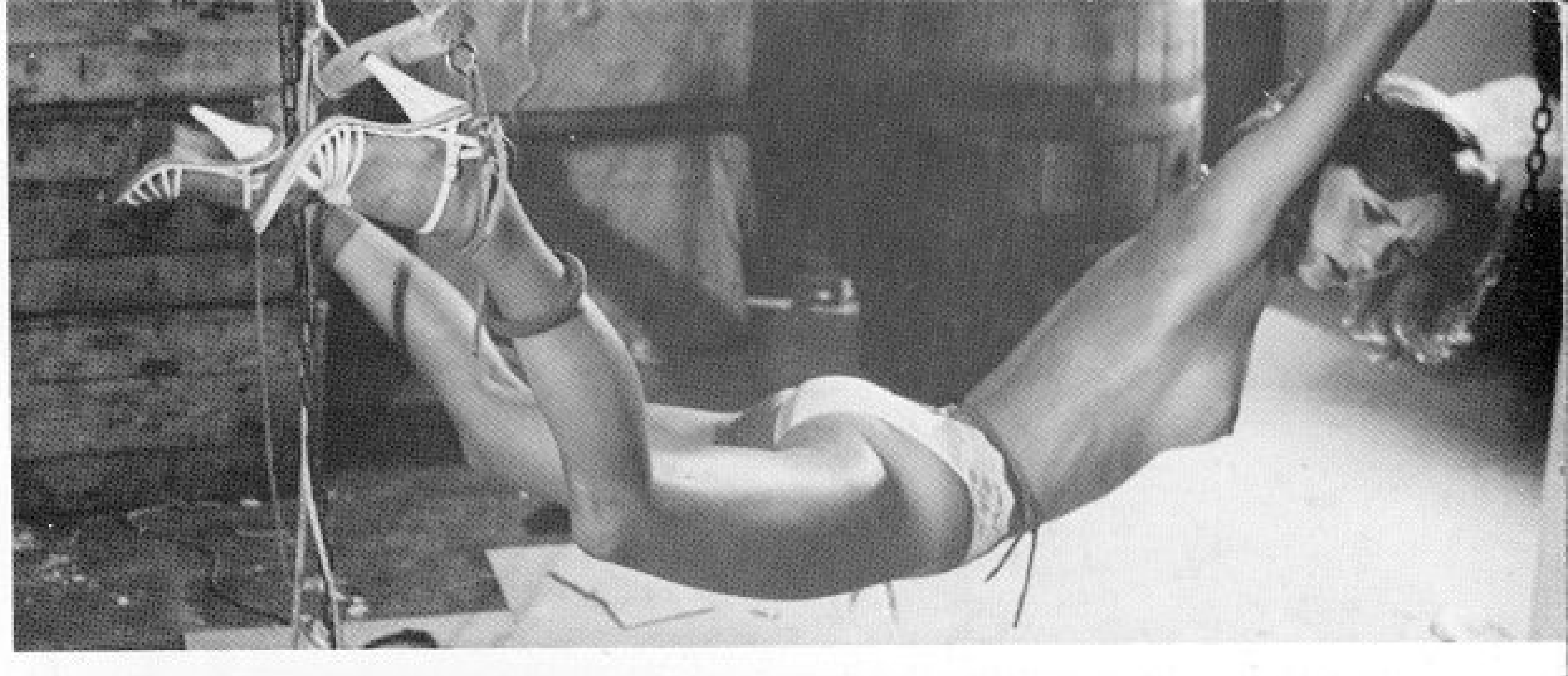
"I've seen it coming, Lenny. The way you've looked at me, and the books. . . . " She gives me a wry little smile. "Will there be the other . . . things? The clothes pins, and stuff like that?"

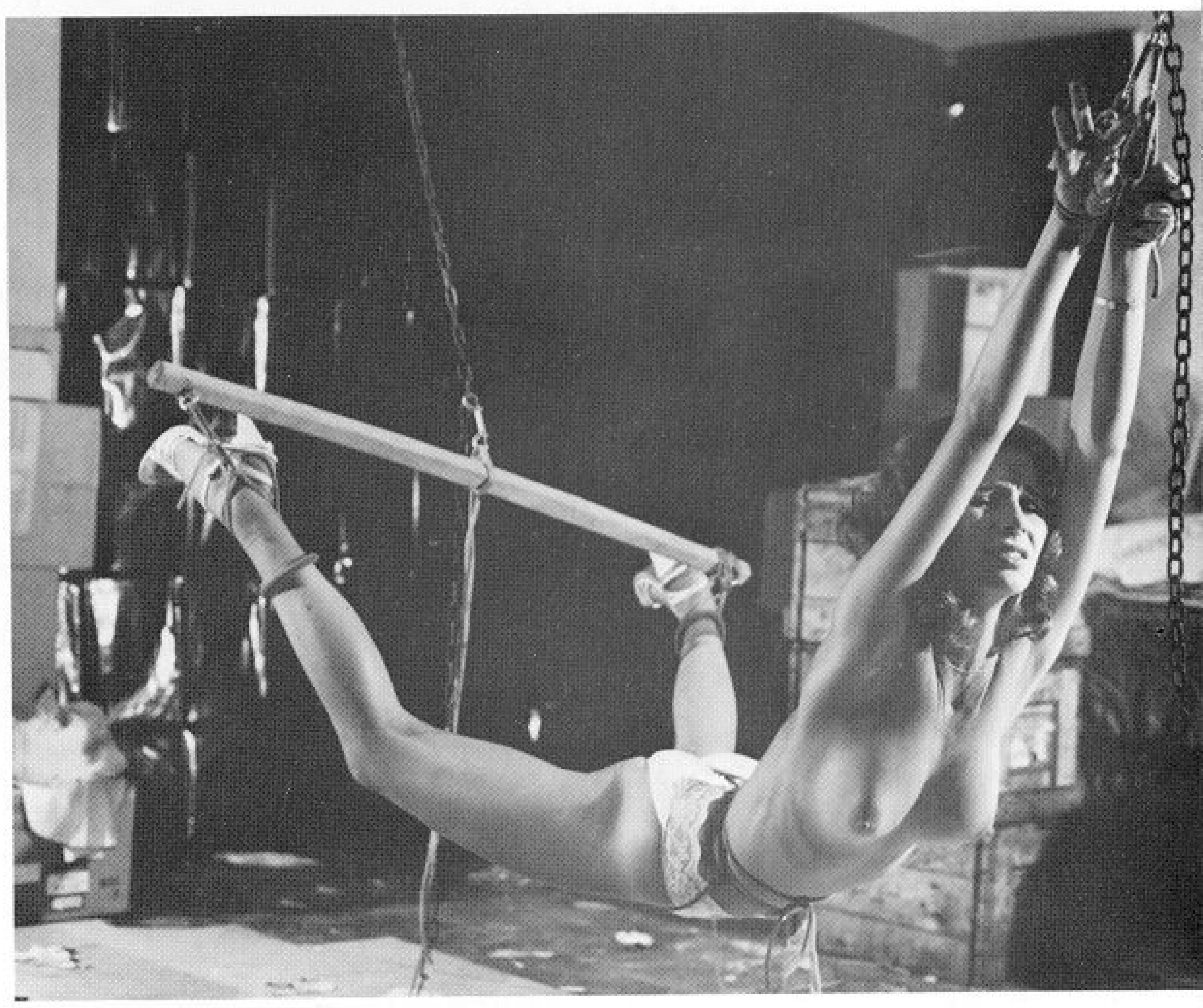
"Yes."

"Thank you for not telling me until I'm tied. I can't stop you doing it now. But if I could, I would."

See what I mean! She's a honey. I'm going to be mean and she's going to try and not hate me. "There's a few other things too while we're at it." I try and make it sound casual.

"I guessed that." She looks at me affectionately as thought I'm a small boy. "Look, Lenny, if it gets too bad and I scream, please gag me."

















"I guessed that." She looks at me affectionately as thought I'm a small boy. "Look, Lenny, if it gets too bad and I scream, please gag me."

What can a guy do with a girl like that but simply do it? I put her in naked suspension: topside, upside down, and swinging in a back bow from wrists and ankles. She gasps and gasps, that's all. No complaints. I have a feeling she's way ahead of me some way. But I play it cool and take no risks. I've got her and she's resigned, so it's best she doesn't escape to change her mind. The quiet little smile on her lips as I switch her bondage tells me she knows what I'm doing and what the stakes are. Often she tests a rope or a strap before lapsing into passivity. If she can get free she will. But that's the name of the game. I'm feeling more of a bastard than ever but she's irresistable and she's resigned. She doesn't expect to get loose, not really.

I tie her feet and legs to the crate so she sits astride it like on a horse. After what I've been doing to her it's not all that bad. She blushed when I cinched the crupper on her loins and tugged tight the rope to bed itself inside her. She wouldn't meet my eyes, she was so ashamed. But she looked adorable, and I was on fire. With her hands locked at the back of her neck she has to sit erect with her breasts arrogantly demanding the attention they are about to receive. Sandy is ready for the main event.

I tie Sandy's breasts. How simple that sounds, yet how much it implies! It means I possess the most glorious body in the world and can use it as I wish. The body may object but it will not cry quits. The small feminine smile remains as I tie and tie and tie. Slowly the configuration forms. As each fresh bondage is imposed upon her breasts, I bring a mirror so she may see. Sandy studies herself with interest and nods at what she sees. I do not understand the nod. The only thing I understand is the beauty of this girl whose breasts are bound with such aesthetic cruelty, this girl who wears her rope bra without protest, flaunting her mammaries, pointing her nipples at an unseen foe. On pure impulse, I say, "I want to gag you, Sandy."

It was half a question but required no answer. She cannot stop me gagging her. She manages to retain her smile while she, mockingly, opens her mouth. While I fill it with the gag our eyes meet, they are very close. Somehow, in all I have just done to her, she has managed to conquer me. She is helpless, she cannot move except to impotently twist and wave her elbows, but Sandy is in command. She knows that had she said "no" more firmly at the start she would not now be thus bound, her breasts would still be free, her pubic hair would suffer no rope bisecting its exquisite triangle. She would still be standing indolently in her wrist bonds, arms raised to the bar, dreaming whatever dreams a bound girl dreams. I do not think these dreams are always of escape. ■



feeling left out?



There's really no reason why you should! But if somehow you missed out on these great mags now you can get right back in there by picking up where you left off.

Beautiful bound damsels in distress greet you on every page along with our excellent editorial, novelettes, illustrations by The Bishop as well as guest artists and authors!

Great collections are not born – they are made! Start your's today!

BREAST BONDAGE
Vol. 1 / No. 3
$7.00

Total Amount of Order $ ________
☐Cash ☐Check ☐MO ☐MC ☐VISA
Acct. No. ________________
Interbank ______ Expt. Date ____
I certify that I am 21 years old or more
Signature ________________
Name ________________
Address ________________
City ________________
State __________ Zip ______

HOM Inc., Box 7302
Van Nuys, Calif. 91409

THE NIPPLE CLIP.



For those who want to keep abreast of the latest in loving discipline...

The grip is firm, pleasurable, but not excessively painful. Weight or tension on the clamp tab increases its grip. Rubber padded jaws prevent damage to the skin. At last it's here!

NIP CLIPS

$6.99 each
Two for $10
Six for $25

I certify that I am 21 years of age or older. Signature. . . . .

Total Amount of Order $ . . . .
☐Cash ☐Check ☐MO ☐MC ☐VISA
Acct No. . . . .
Interbank . . . . Exp. date . . . .
Please add $1. each for postage & handling.

Name. . . . .
Address. . . . .
City. . . . .
State . . . . Zip . . . .

HOM Inc., Box 7302, Van Nuys, Calif., 91409

Anything You Want

Little Mary isn't a bit sure about any part of this. That's why it's good. From the moment I first grabbed her and tied her in the chair against the post she's felt guilty enough to believe anything I say . . . and do! What Mary has done doesn't matter. What matters is that she doesn't do it again. That's the reason for the pliers and the tweezers and the other little diversions.











I am relating Mary's penalties to Mary's temperament. With Mary, sex comes first. She spells it with a capital "S" and is at all times aware of herself as a highly desirable package of breasts and nipples, pubic hair and pussy, and all connecting parts. It could be for that reason she views my pliers with nonchalance instead of horror.

"Darling, are you really going to tweak my tits with that? You wouldn't . . . ?"

I compress the pliers. Mary squeals. But I do not have the heart to do it hard. Mary is precious. Gruffly, I demand, "Stick your tongue out."

She actually sticks it out. Before she realizes, I have it firmly within the wicked jaws. Mary is straining for all she is worth against the bonds I've so firmly tied, but she cannot move. Our eyes meet, each assessing. Gently, I increase the pressure.

"Nnnnnnnning . . grugggggggg. . . . "

I increase the bite. Her nostrils flare, her breasts heave against the ropes. "You've been a bad girl," I tell her lovingly. "Bad girls get punished."

I let go the tweezers.




4-1 gal.
4-1 gal.
35401


0226-005
VANI-
SOL
WASHROOM CLEANER
NATIONAL LABORATORIES
CURITY
PERSONAL




Sodman
13496
PERSONAL BED P


ONAL BED



Mary shakes her head and says, "I'm sorry. Please forgive me."

It is too pat, or maybe it's too soon. Girls are clever. They understand us better than we understand them. They twist us. But, just the same, I don't like hurting little Mary, and there's ways. I do a criss-cross tie on the little beauty, nipple cords and all, and I leave her alone for a long, long time. When I come back she says, "Anything you want, Jimmy, anything at all."

That makes it difficult. I've already enjoyed all of her, and she hasn't really picked up the fact she's being punished for something she's done. It's like the broken dish - you just can't put it together again, it has to be paid for. She's taken this pretty well so far but she's missed the point. I sigh. I remember the old tried and true.









She struggles. I'm not sure whether it's token resistance or because she's scared or what comes next. But she doesn't know what comes next, not yet! It's beautifully simple, she bends down and I tie her wrists to her ankles, and there's a rope from her neck down between her legs and on up. It's an inhibiting rope. Mary must stay there with her bottom raised high. She gets the message.

"Jimmy, you're going to whip me? Please don't?"

"Just a cane, Mary."

"But it will hurt terribly; I know it will, and with me stretched over like this. Please, Jimmy . . . ?"

I stand there like a dummy. Mary has one of those pussies that sticks out behind when she bends down. The damn thing's positively beckoning and pleading with me to do what comes naturally. I'd have to loose the rope by which it is presently bi-sected, but that's all. Mary's posture right now is natural. I'm ashamed of the bulge in my pants. But she's got the best of me like this before. I can remember all the times when I've got angry with her, and then all of a sudden I find myself looking at her pussy and I'm lost. Slowly, I open my pants. ■

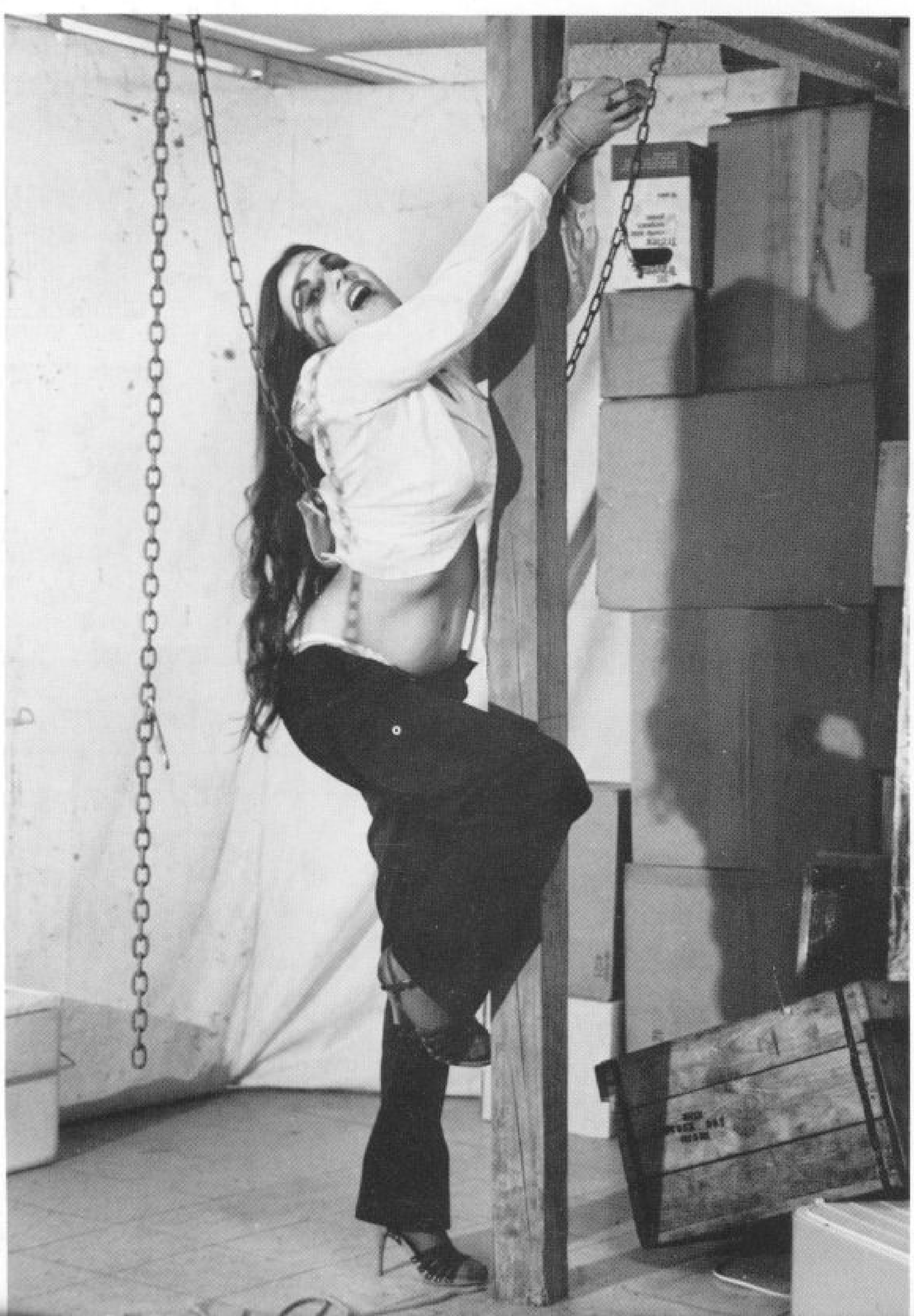

CURITY
PERSON







HUMILIATION



Humiliation plus, that's what I want for Louise. Louise is strong, so I hired Benny for twenty dollars. Benny likes man-handling girls and has no trouble leaving them fixed some way from which I can carry on without risk of them taking a powder. When I want to change their bondage I simply tie or untie one half at a time. It is very easy to handle a girl. Often it is half of a frightened girl who is only too willing to please. I'm just as young as they are, but I've punished no end of girls. It's much better than carrying a grudge. And for only twenty dollars . . . ! The real small ones I don't even need Benny for, I get 'em free.

When I went in to Louise she was busy with her teeth on her wrist rope. Benny is a bit forgetful at times. I slapped her cheek and tied her leg back another yard so she couldn't reach a thing. "I'm going to keep you the whole week your parents are on vacation," I told her cheerfully. "You are going to be taught a lesson."

"You can't possibly keep me tied like this for a week. I'll die." Louise is inclined towards the dramatic.

"Like that, and a lot worse, Louise my pet."



My captive maiden gave this a bit of thought. Louise is no dummy. "Very well," she said forthrightly, just as though it was me who was tied up. "If you must behave so absurdly, and since I eppear to be helpless, you had better be much more practical. These ropes hurt and are disgraceful." She added what she thought was a bit of crafty bait. "A pair of hand-cuffs would be far more sensible. They would be quite adequate to keep me prisoner, and I couldn't possibly get out of them."

"I don't have any handcuffs."

"I never said you did. Go and buy some. I'll pay."

Not a bad offer, really. If I'd wanted Louise to be a comfortable captive hand-, cuffs would have been fine. But, as I was saying . . . ! "Nix on the handcuffs," I told her flatly. "What you're getting is bound boobs."

"There's no such thing. And, anyway, it's not possible. How can you tie a girl's breasts! Except swathe them in rope maybe. If you let me loose now I'll say nothing more about this whole thing."







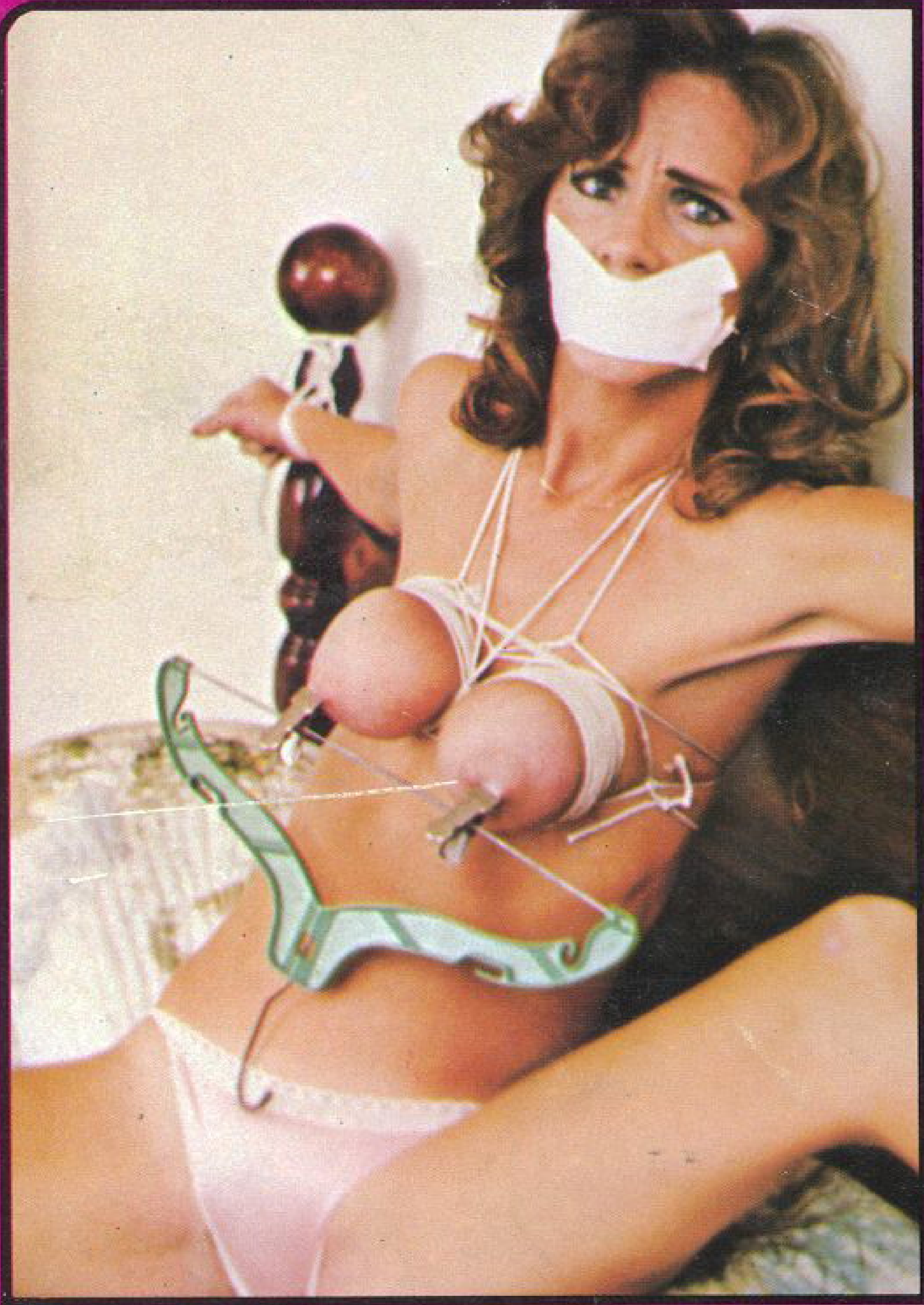


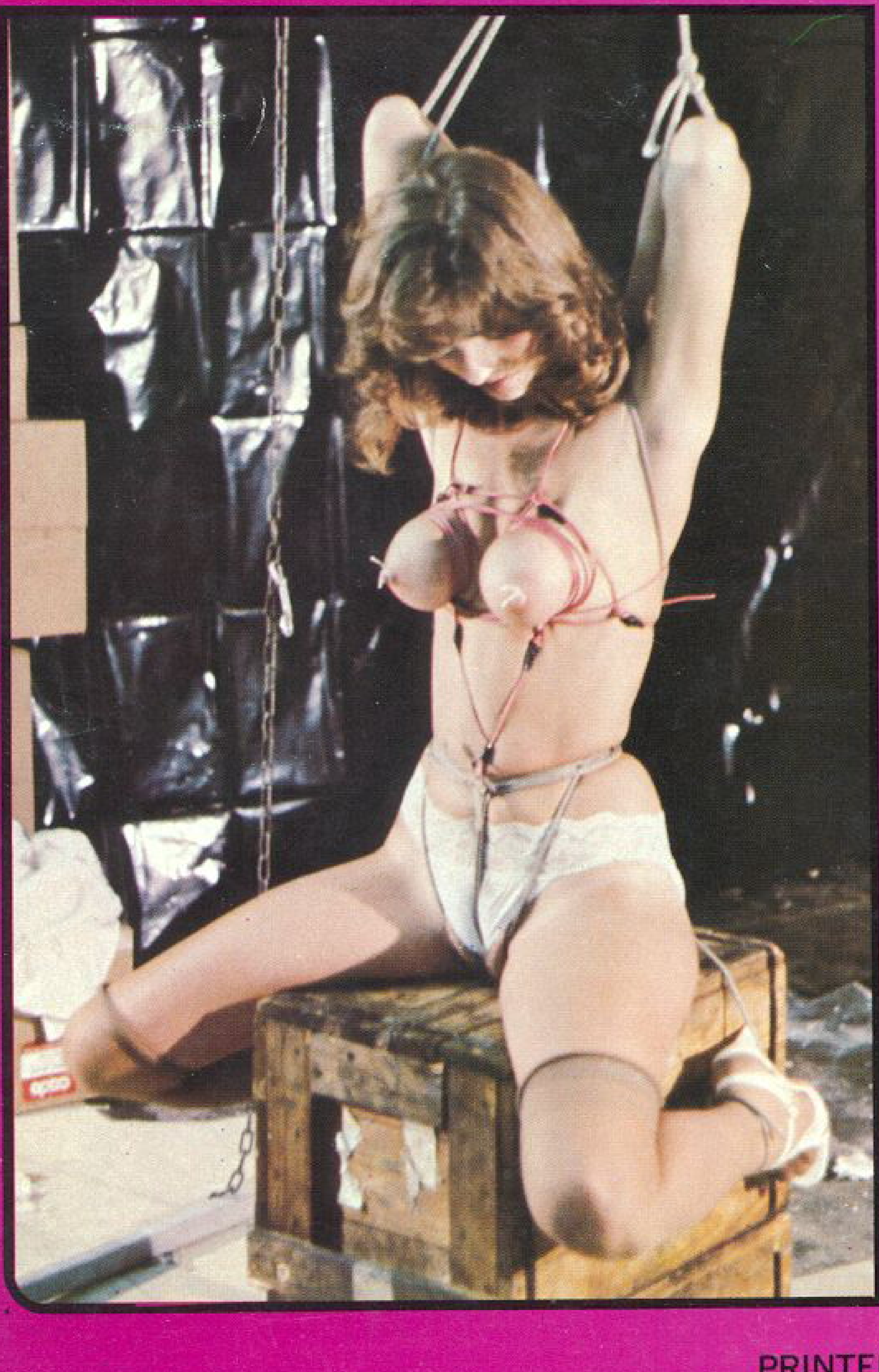
I put her in several ties, an hour for each. I made sure the ropes were well strictured into Louise's erogenous zones. This attention ensured a bit of panting in with her squeals. It's really wonderful the character changes a bit of rope will do when cinched inside a pussy or looped to a nipple. I've always found that binding a breast suffuses it with blood and gets some astonishing effects inside and out. Most girls blush a lot when their mammaries are put in bondage. Louise was no exception. Haughtily, she informed, "I hope you don't think I shall have an orgasm out of these lewd attentions. I absolutely refuse."











PRINTED IN U.S.A.